THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

Published by Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vermont, for the Alumni and Alumnae

VOLUME X. DECEMBER, 1935 No. 2

"From This Hill Look Down"

Subjects and Predicates

Noise

The collegiate year of our Lord nineteen hundred thirty five–thirty six opened without any special noise, even though the Dean of the men's college was in Turkey, the head of the English department bound for the Southwest, Professor Owen in Spain, and Miss Wiley in California—all on leave.

The New York *Times* did make a noise when it noted erroneously that our enrollment had dropped 2.8%. As a matter of fact the total men's registration topped that of last year by four students; due only to lack of dormitory facilities was the women's roster 304 instead of 312 as of last year.

With much noise the new women's dormitory rose and spread out its prodigious proportions. By the first of November when the roof went on, it had dwarfed most anything in sight. Even Mt. Marcy looked smaller.

A coeducational Flying Club took off with considerable racket; though it had not been sanctioned by the Student Life Committee when we went to press.

The real noise of the year, in fact, the biggest noise in half a century of Middlebury curricular history, rumbled abroad when the faculty and trustees voted the B.S. degree out of the catalogue, cleanly cut two years of Mathematics and Latin from the *requirements* for graduation, and prepared to waive scholastic traditions of 135 years standing by completely reshaping entrance requirements and the curriculum.

The shift came after Dr. Kline had scanned 72 catalogues of the outstanding colleges in the country and found that Middlebury was the only institution on all this imposing list demanding for graduation two years of Latin or two years of Mathematics.

Propaganda vs. Mountains

To check up on how poorly the College indoctrinates prospective students with Middlebury propaganda each year we persistently circulate a questionnaire among freshmen. We managed to collect the "surveys" from sixty-four men during freshmen week, before prejudices were established, and we feel utterly discouraged. It isn't the football team, or chapel prayers, or news stories, or C.C., or coeds that brought the class of 1939 here. Alumni shouting hurrah for the Green Mountains evidently did all, for two thirds of the men mentioned location as the principal reason for choosing Middlebury and practically every one of them listed beneath, the name of an alumnus or undergraduate whose sales talk he had been harking. We need bigger and better Green Mountains, and more and more conversational alumni. (See Honorable Mention list for our best talkers, all of whom were listed by Freshmen as guides to Middlebury).

HONORABLE MENTION

1891
C. A. Mead
1893
H. G. Megathlin
1896
Mrs. L. M. R. Denio
1900
S. B. Botsford
1907
H. L. Cushman
1911
J. M. Avery
1912
M. H. Croft
1913
E. J. Wiley
R. H. Walch
1917
H. E. Hollister
1918
L. Greene
F. G. Myrick
1921
L. B. Law
L. H. Brown
1922
R. H. Whitney
1923
S. A. Carroll
A. A. Draper
1924
Mrs. K. Hill
1925
W. D. Gallagher
1926
W. T. Hade
Mrs. J. McGill
1927
E. K. Hasseltine
C. G. Moynihan
C. G. Whitney
Mrs. R. T. Slattery
1928
W. S. Lee
1929
E. E. Waite
C. A. Lockwood
1930
S. S. Witherell
1931
N. J. Blanchette
D. G. Brown
K. C. Parker
1932
J. R. Falby
M. Singiser
Mrs. H. M. Munford
1933
Mrs. J. Fallon
1934
C. N. DuBois
H. M. Munford
D. L. Jocelyn
H. Remick
1935
M. A. Romeo
H. T. Emmons
D. Gray
J. C. Fallon
1936
F. S. Whitwell
R. C. Hubbard
A. Golembeske
F. J. Ruggeri
J. B. A. Caron
C. H. Startup
J. E. Roberts
1937
R. B. Bryant
J. F. Lonergan
P. A. Myers
M. E. Wishart
J. A. Fitzgerald
R. L. Neilson
1938
D. H. Westin
R. C. Soule
J. E. Cridland
A. D. Gilbert
S. B. Luria
M. K. Lins

Wasps and Prune Pits

Dashing home after an uneventful first day of Freshman week, we were suddenly called to a halt on a corner of campus when two frosh flung themselves wildly in our path. No sooner had we set the emergency brake than the two leaped onto a running board—hold-up fashion—and gasped "Who were the three wives of Gamaliel Painter?" Somewhat taken aback we waved in the general direction of the cemetery and went on. We were just shifting into high again when exactly the same incident was repeated. This time the greenies confidently wanted to know if we had a live wasp on us. We shortly discovered that a Frosh Scavanger hunt was on and suggested the Old Chapel belfry as a good wasp homestead.

We learned later that the freshman classes had been divided into 18 coeducational groups and sent forth to spy out the land. Each group had to catalogue the number of steps from the Bookstore to the belfry, find a live frog, secure signatures of five faculty wives, bring back a prune pit and a dog with a short tail, note the shortest short cut on campus and the kind of tree planted by the class of 1858. The A & P got the lean end of the prune pit item, six freshmen and one coed were stung by wasps, someone kidnapped Professor Cady's dog with graham crackers, and everyone was fooled on the 1858 tree, for we are told that the authentic tree died years ago and "Billy" Farrell had unceremoniously moved the marker to the nearest healthy one.

We couldn't quite fit the Scavanger hunt in the new segregation plan. We are told with authority that it resulted in a flat total of sixty dates for the outdoor supper that night.

Bibles, Bibles

It dawned abruptly upon someone late in September that the 400th anniversary of the publication date of the first English Bible, the Coverdale edition, was due on October 4. The Library, of course, didn't have a Coverdale, but it did have a fair collection of Bibles including translations in some twenty languages, two Vulgates, a "Breeches," a 1708 London product and a 1795 Edinburgh, and the only way of getting these out of the lock-up so that the Library's Biblical bent could be advertised was to have a formal exhibit. Then Miss McNeil suddenly remembered that there was a much finer collection at the Sheldon Museum; an earlier Breeches, an earlier Edinburgh, a 1497 Nuremburg translation, a "Great She" of 1613, a 1508 commentary, a copy of the first edition published in America, the first in Vermont, Polyglotts, the first Middlebury Congregational Church lectern Bible, the same for the Episcopal and Baptist churches, plus a host of other early Vermont editions and family Bibles. But Miss McNeil soon found out that the Museum Bibles could not be taken to the College library—and if there were to be an exhaustive exhibit it would have to be held in the Museum, which has been closed for a quarter of a century and was, at the moment, a chaos ruled by paper hangers, painters, and furniture movers. Three rooms were approximately finished; five others, and the three huge halls were under way.

Could the exhibit be held in the Museum? Rashly the trustees gave consent, never imagining that in about a week all five rooms and the halls would have to be complete. The melee that followed is conceivable only to those familiar with dress rehearsal nights on Broadway. NYA—offspring of Santa Delano's FERA—came to the rescue. More paper hangers and antiquarians, more furniture arrangers and cataloguers, bibliophiles and scrub women arrived on the scene. The crisis came forty-eight hours before the scheduled opening. Acres of floor and three flights of stairs had to be painted at once or the show couldn't go on. And thanks to four centuries of Biblical background and four volunteers the floors were finished that night. The boys painted themselves out of the building some dark hour before dawn of the third, and on the fourth the decorators and Bible arrangers crowded out of the building just in time for the first arrivals.

The opening was a composed and indubitable success. Practically every state in New England was represented, outside of student registration. Hundreds of valuable old colonial relics gathered by Mr. Sheldon were on display in addition to over sixty Bibles of historical and publication interest. Faculty and townsfolk alike rose to the occasion by lending for the afternoon their most interesting editions. The only Biblical contributions which had to be refused politely were a finely preserved pair of Commodore and Martha Washington "Gideons."

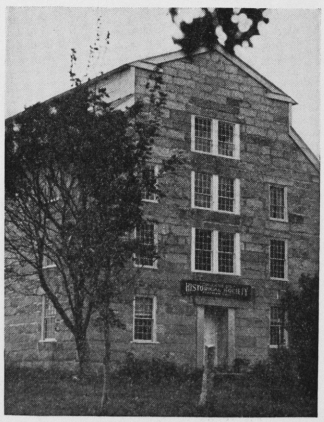
Higher Mathematics

We've been repeatedly challenged on our contention that the seriousness of scholastic purpose has increased among undergraduates since 1929. It's next to impossible to prove it; grades are not convincing, nor are enrollment statistics. So we went to the Librarian to determine what bearing book circulation might have on our argument. We discovered there had been an increase of 35% in circulation since 1929, and the biggest jump was not the year that the new wings were completed but in '31-'32 when depression was perhaps doing its evilest.

But in the process of digging up this percentage we ran into others of even greater interest. Since Miss McNeil came in 1913 circulation has increased over 300%, and since 1921 when President Moody came there is a rise of well over 100%. In his first year the figures bounced from 11,860 to 15,430, probably due to the introduction of the freshman course in Contemporary Civilization. Since then the graph line has gone up pretty steadily, except for three lean years in the raccoon coat era between 1925 and 1928. The average student now takes out about forty books a year.

To satisfy the curiosity of the staff last year, a statistician kept track of all the freshmen and seniors who used the library withdrawal privileges. We guessed it would be something over 100% in each case, but not so. Only 79% of the senior men took out books, and 97% of the senior women, whereas 85% of the freshmen men were counted against 58% of the freshmen women. Why the figures should be reversed in each case and what they prove, we leave to an experienced actuary to puzzle out.

We were also concerned about the Librarian's figures on fines and mortality. $307.02 were collected in various over-due fines during 1934-35; and in 1934, 321 books were missing from the main library and departmental shelves. Inventory is taken every five years and, if books permanently borrowed are any indication, 1934 students were 20% more honest than those of 1929.



Twilight's Grammar School

Another Painter

Late in the fall we drove up to Brownington to see a counterfeit of Painter Hall, we'd been hearing about. One Alexander Lucius Twilight of the class of 1823, embued with the theological zealotry which Middlebury imparted in those days, went forth to Brownington to establish a Grammar School, of the Addison County variety. With a persistent tongue he sold Orleans County on constructing a building of the proportions of Painter. The proportions are now about the only thing in common with the oldest Middlebury structure. The corridors run the long way of the building, doors are on all four sides of the exterior. The walls are made of granite, the old chimneys are gone. In

every room there is still an open fireplace, the most naive and least generous type we have ever seen; the openings are scarcely more than a foot square and set in the wall about four inches. The school was undoubtedly frozen out of existence after Twilight died in 1857.

The building has now been taken over by a local historical society. Anyone can walk through the old dining room, kitchen and social halls for nothing, but the curator charges fifty cents for the task of unlocking the two stories of student rooms above. We counted out the change, the lady counted out the change, and we all went aloft. Each room has been adopted by some organization like the 4-H Club, the D.A.R. or a sewing society and into the rooms have gone a few fine old pieces of furniture and crockery plus a lot of Victorian riot. Twilight's desk is there, surrounded by irrelevant objets d'art. Spinning wheels are hidden behind collections of spinning wheels in one small room. There is a grand display of tools and tinker's gear, a well preserved loom, a small collection of flint locks, bed rooms that just miss capturing the colonial feeling—altogether more than a score of rooms well worth the fee for unlocking the doors. The one feature we couldn't fit into any scheme of things was a huge room on the top floor which the curator swore was the original dance hall.

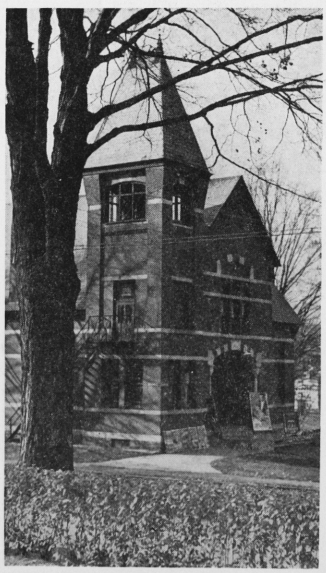
The visit inspired one intensive shudder: suppose Middlebury College had gone out—as it nearly did—during the lean years about 1840 or 1865 and we as a graduate of Columbia or Antioch accidently drove through an obscure Vermont town known as Middlebury and were urged by some street corner guide to drive up and see the Old Stone Hall where a college existed nearly as large as Harvard a century ago. There would perhaps be a room devoted to a few keepsakes of one Gamaliel Painter, another for Seth Storrs. The 4-H Club might have furnished one for John Chipman, the S.A.R. of Rutland for Colonel Allen, and the Vermont Bible Society for Joseph Andrus. We might even walk across the pasture to the west to see the view, as we did at Brownington.

On with the Show

Middlebury's entertainment demigogue, Mr. P. S. Murray, of the Opera House management, has at last confessed to us that playing parent to a small town movie place isn't what it is painted up to be. No matter how large the audience is, or how unanimous the approval of a picture seems to be in the rest of the country, fifty percent of the Middlebury clientele is ready to grumble and as many to applaud the show. Mr. Murray accepts the criticism quietly. Long ago he gave up trying to please everyone. He seems to be the only person in town who fully realizes that he gets the best pictures that can be gotten under the circumstances and that there is precious little choice anyway.

Open criticism has somewhat mellowed during the past five years, since he signed up with a "regular" circuit, which means he has to accept 100% of all the major shows produced by Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn, Warner, and Fox and 80% of those distributed by RKO, Columbia, United Artists and Universal. Before that he was an "independent."

But even his signing up with a "regular" has done little to call in depression audiences. His peak business year was 1929. He hit an incredible low late in 1930 and early '31. And during the past two years there has been little indication of an old time revival in undergraduate interest in movies. This year is the same as last, last year was the same as the year before. "Business is spotty," he says. "It improves on outstanding pictures and slumps on poor ones. Students are no longer interested in going to movies purely for the sake of going to movies." A total of two undergraduate pugilists turned out to see "Two Fisted" on October 22. The Opera House holds 356 but not since one night in 1930 has it been filled. That was for a showing of "Sunny Side Up," when there was no standing room left in the aisles because students were sitting there—on the floor. But the biggest night in his whole career was in '29 when "Cocoanuts" came to town. The queue for a second show extended most of the length of Merchants Row. There were the makings of a student riot that night, almost as bad as those back in the Flood year of '27 when the unrest got so bad that Chief Shaw had to be called in. That, the students resented en masse.



Opera House

Mr. Murray attributes the lack of riotry now to talkies and a better class of students. "They have more respect for those about them," he claims. "They're leaders, as college students ought to be." He might well attribute it also to the passing of the fiddler and pianist that used to carry on irrelevently in the southwest corner. Saturday nights are still poor nights for student attendance; the balcony, as of old, reeks of agriculture, Addison County and adenoids.

In private life Manager Murray is a Rutland Railroad general station agent. He's had some job adjacent to the Middlebury tracks since 1903. He well remembers the first "flick" he ever saw, a two reeler, in the Grange Hall. Occasionally he went to one when they were started in the Town Hall or Opera House and in the place built especially for movies, now occupied by Caswell's garage, but interest always lagged. The idea of running the Opera House never so much as entered his mind until about 1924 when a gentleman managing both the Middlebury show place and one in St. Albans got

him to buy out the local business. In fact he was always prejudiced against movies—and even now hasn't fully recovered. "This loving, and kissing hands—ach!" Contrary to public opinion he never cuts a film unless he gets wind of something in advance that doesn't fit into his moral code. Then he slashes, but usually he doesn't get around to it until the second show. Rarely is a picture previewed. He likes movies as long as they are good, moral, and uplifting but he gets fully disgusted with the business about twice a week and wishes he were miles away.

Walton's

The one Encyclopedia-Directory-Gazeteer indispensible to any College office, in fact any Vermont business office is Walton's *Register*. Since L.W. Robinson, '26, became editor-in-chief of it, the title has been changed to *Year-Book*, but everyone still calls it Walton's. It is published by the National Survey at Chester, and the one item of information about the State it doesn't contain is the fact that it was originated in the Middlebury printing office of Huntington and Fitch back in 1802 as the Vermont *Register and Almanac*. For fifteen years it was published here before the Waltons of Montpelier took it over.

We have just checked through a copy of 100 years ago to see how the *Year-Book* is standing up in comparison. We report in Mr. Robinson's favor, though we do miss the notes on the value of brimstone for cattle ticks, how to dry bacon, and the uses of cobs ground up with corn. "Sheep and milch cows ought not to run together in the same pasture," cautions the edition of 1835. "Mix a pennyworth of pounded camphor in a wine glass of brandy for sore throat." "In housing new made clover hay, especially if it be not thoroughly dry, intermix it with layers of straw."

The old publication goes in heavily for statistics as well as anecdotes. "The Epitome of the Whole Population of the Union" is catalogued under Free Whites, Slaves, Free Colored, and On Board Public Ships. All the governors and senators for the twenty-four states are catalogued; Florida, Michigan and Arkansas are "territories." President Andrew Jackson is receiving a salary of $25,000.

Under rates of postage are single, double, triple, and quadruple letters, reckoned according to the number of sheets. The rates for a single "composed of one piece of paper" are:

1 to 30 miles	—	6 cents
30 - 80 "	—	10 "
80 - 150 "	—	12½"
150 - 400 "	—	18¾"
Over 400 "	—	25 "

It was much cheaper for one whose friends were journalists to publish a paper rather than attempt a personal correspondence. "Printers of newspapers may send one paper to each and every other printer of newspapers within the United States free of postage."

The 1835 issue went in so verbosely for almanac dope, with business about moons, equinox, birthdays, and battles, there wasn't room for much detail on commerce and politics. Only the town officers, clergy, attorneys, physicians, and postmasters were considered important enough to include; and in 1835 the town clerk must have been low on 12½c postage stamps for inserted after "Middlebury" is the report: "No returns."

Tucked away on the last page, obviously an afterthought, is the list of Colleges in the State, alongside officers of the Vermont Temperance Society, the Vermont Bible Society and the Vermont Colonization Society. Norwich is given one quarter line: "incorporated 1834." But Middlebury gets even more than the State University: "Middlebury College. President, Reverend Joshua Bates–Commencement, third Wednesday in August–Medical lectures at the Vermont Academy of Medicine, Castleton, commence on first Tuesday of September."

The College gets a full page in the 1935 Year Book but it has to pay $30 for it.

P.S. We have just received word from Mr. Robinson, now sales manager of the National Survey, that Walton's has been sold to the Tuttle Company in Rutland. They will take care of the 1936 issue.

Unusual Offer

For some reason, perhaps because it was not brought sufficiently to the public notice, a fairly large number of copies of Professor Wright's latest book, "Aftermath," are still unsold, and this although not a few critics consider it the best of the entire series. To clear out this remainder as soon as possible, we have decided to offer it at the unprecedently low rate of $1.00 a copy, postage included, which of course is far below the cost of making. Remittances, with addresses plainly given, should be made to the Middlebury College Press, and it is suggested that orders be sent soon, as the books are likely to have a rapid sale. Copies may also be bought directly from the College Library.

Inventory

For the benefit of those perennially bothered about Christmas presents for classmates, etc., the Plate Committee has checked on the stock of College chinaware and find the following quantities still on the market.

No. 1 Old Chapel	13
No. 2 Library	14
No. 3 Bread Loaf	18†
No. 4 Chateau	13
No. 5 Mead Chapel	19†
No. 6 Hepburn Hall	21
No. 7 Painter Hall	12
No. 8 Pearsons Hall	12

†Due to arrive from England early in December.

Automobile Show

When automobile talk was reaching its zenith about November first, we called in our technical assistant, Mr. Wissler, to discover just where the Middlebury faculty stood in relation to the car-buying world. In about a week he managed to secure the make and date of 56 faculty machines. The results revealed that the average professor's and instructor's car was dated December 1931. Ten resident members own no car. As of November first, before local salesmen had whipped up their selling arguments, there was not one '36, there were five '35s, eight '34s, ten '33s, eleven '32s, eleven '31s, three '30s, six '29s, two '28s.

Ford led the list with 13 (models from 1929 down); Chevrolet and Essex both chalk up nine, Buick seven, Plymouth six, Oldsmobile three,

Nash and Studebakers two, and singles in Dodge, Pontiac, Hupmobile, Hudson, Whippet, Graham, and Willys.

Alumnae

Dean Eleanor S. Ross '95 will be guest speaker at a New York Alumnae luncheon on January 18. Details will be announced later. Inquiries may be made through Dorothea Higgins, 21 High St., Glen Ridge, N. J.

On November 2 the New York Alumnae Association held a bridge and tea at Schrafft's on West 57 Street. Beatrice Winch, '27, was chairman of the Committee and was assisted by Dorothy Kirk, '28, and Mrs. Frank Wicks (Virginia Kent, '33).

Grace Cheney,' 29, and last year's seniors from the vicinity of Worcester were in charge of a picnic given by the Worcester alumni to the girls entering Middlebury from that section this year. This picnic, as well as the Christmas tea, are annual features of the Worcester Club program. Small bridge parties and a benefit movie are also scheduled for the winter season. The Worcester Scholarship Committee for this year consists of Marion Cruikshank, '30, Gunhild Elfstrom, '27, and Mary Guerin, '14.

Champions?

Middlebury's football stock took one of its worst slumps in years this fall. For the first time since the advent of Coach Beck in 1927 the Panthers failed to beat Vermont, and even a blue and white prejudice isn't enough to overcome the conviction that Middlebury was handed its 9-0 defeat by a team who, for one day at least, was superior. To lend an ironic touch to the situation, Vermont although beating both Norwich and Middlebury and of Green Mt. Conference championship calibre for the first time in eight years, must concede the conference championship to its southern rivals.

Not more than two months ago, the Vermont Athletic Council, nettled over the fact that Middlebury would not establish a full year ineligibility rule for freshmen in place of its present half year policy, resigned from the conference. Middlebury and Norwich fought the one and only Green Mt. Conference gridiron battle October 26, on Porter Field, before a large crowd of homecoming alumni. The Panthers won, 14-0. The questionable glory, then, of a questionable conference crown is the single bright spot of the 1935 football season.

In the season's opener, Middlebury tied a medicore Union team 6-6. Then followed a 41-0 rout by Williams, and in explanatory parentheses we might add that a week later this same Williams team went to New Jersey and played Princeton to a standstill, losing 14-7 to one of the best teams in the nation.

A group of defeats surrounding a single victory is the rest of the tale: Coast Guard 6-8, Tufts 14-20, Norwich, 14-0, St. Lawrence (the team that beat Cornell) 0-7, Ithaca 0-14, Vermont 0-9. Except for the early season Williams game, the narrow margin of victory evident throughout the rest of the summary tells its own story, the story of a husky bunch of linemen, numbering four veterans, developed by line-coach George Akerstrom, star center on Colgate's 1934 eleven and center for last year's all-East team. The backfield, however, boasted only one veteran, Captain Anthony Golembeske. It becomes more and more evident every year that football material, good football material, is one of the indispensable factors in the fashioning of a winning football machine. Ask disappointed Little of Columbia or the disgruntled Gil Dobie of Cornell.

SPORTS SCHEDULES

Basketball

Dec.
6 McGill at Middlebury
11 Dartmouth at Hanover
18 Massachusetts State at Amherst
19 Tufts at Medford

Jan.
10 Amherst at Amherst
11 Springfield at Springfield
18 U. V. M. at Burlington

Feb.
4 St. Michael's at Middlebury
11 Norwich at Middlebury
15 Lowell Tech. at Middlebury
18 St. Michael's at Winooski
25 Norwich at Northfield
28 U. V. M. at Middlebury

Hockey

Jan.
8 Union at Schenectady
11 Mass. State at Middlebury
14 Williams at Williamstown
18 Hamilton at Clinton
25 Army at West Point

Feb.
5 Open
6 Princeton at Princeton
7 Open
12 Dartmouth at Hanover
14 Colgate at Middlebury
15 Alumni at Middlebury

Winter Sports

Dec.
27-28 Lake Placid Club Carnival at Lake Placid*

Jan.
18 Princeton & Williams at Middlebury*

Feb.
1 Williams at Williamstown*
7- 8 Dartmouth at Hanover*
14-15 Middlebury Mt. Club Carnival
21-22 . S. U. at Durham*

Indoor Track and Field

Jan. 25 Prout Memorial Meet, Massachusetts, K. of C. at Boston
Feb. 1 Millrose AA games at N. Y.
Feb. 8 Boston AA games at Boston
Feb. 22 University Club games at Boston*
Mar. 7 Montreal AA games at Montreal*

*Pending.

Postmasters Only

The News Letter is edited by W. Storrs Lee, '28. The Editorial Board is composed of Edgar J. Wiley, '13, and Frances H. C. Warner, '05, who prepare the alumni and alumnae notes; Mrs. Dorothy Purdy, '22, and D. Howard Moreau, '20. Mr. Wiley also has charge of the business interests.

The News Letter is the official organ of the Associated Alumni and of the Alumnae Association of Middlebury College. It is published by the College at Middlebury, Vermont, quarterly, in September, December, March and June, and was entered as second-class matter November 15, 1932, at the Middlebury post-office under Act of Congress, Aug. 24, 1912.

Christmas in the Cabbage Patch

By CHARLES N. DUBOIS, '34, *Teacher, New Hampton School, New Hampton, N. H.*

IT was on the morning of Saturday, December twenty-second, nineteen hundred thirty-four, which date shall be memorable for no other reason, that four American students met in Waterloo Station, heavy-laden with all of those superfluous appurtenances of civilization which people never fail to take on their vacations. There were books which no one intended to read; there were changes of clothing which no one intended to wear—all crammed into four enormous suitcases which no one wanted to carry.

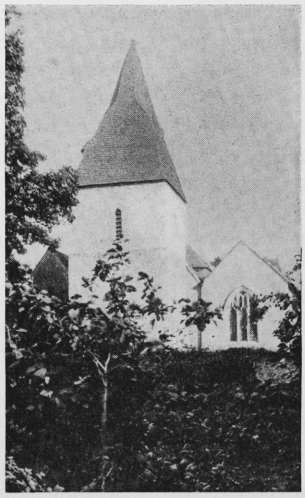
All tickets having been "shewn at the barrier," we (I say *we*, for my own burden was far from being the lightest of the four) succeeded in locating an empty third-class compartment and were soon on our way, out of the murk of the city, into the light and cleanliness of the open countryside with its fresh green hedges and golden brown clumps of bracken and oak.

Behind us lay London, smoky and foggy, yet happy and bustling in the spirit of the holiday season. The gaily decorated shops were full to overflowing with Christmas goods of all kinds; Oxford Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly—in fact, all the West End thronged from morning to night with eager crowds of shoppers; street minstrels added Christmas carols to their somewhat limited repertoires, and pearl-buttoned costermongers worked overtime, taking advantage of Yuletide generosity. The theatres were packed nightly for the Christmas pantomimes, "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," or "Dick Whittington and his Cat," and, in short, all London was out-doing itself in tribute to Father Christmas. (Santa Claus by any other name is just as sweet.)

Before us were prospects of a rural English Christmas. Anyone who has read Irving's *Sketchbook* will readily understand our reasons for wishing to spend the holiday season in the country. To be sure, the Twentieth Century traveller makes ample allowance for changes in times and customs; nevertheless, he must bear in mind the fact that the years have decidedly less effect upon the Englishman and his country than they have upon our own land.

It was with high hopes and eager anticipation that we left the train at the little town of Horsley in the heart of that very English county, Surrey, and betook ourselves down a narrow, winding road to the farmhouse of two of the rarest souls in all Britain—an old couple who bore the priceless name of Wiggs. (And I wish to assure the reader that, upon being questioned, Mrs. Wiggs informed us without a smile that, certainly, she had her own cabbage patch.)

From the moment of our arrival our fondest dreams became realities. Each moment brought a fresh experience—new sights, new contacts and a deeper understanding of old associations. One day it was a tramp over the hills to Shere, one of the oldest and most fascinating villages in the country. Situated on the old Pilgrim's Way, this little cluster of lath and plaster cottages with their thatched roofs carried one back over the centuries to the days when "longen folk to goon on pilgrimages. ."



West Horsley Church

Stopping to take our" spot of lunch" at the White Horse Tavern, we were casually informed by the proprietor that this ancient hostelry had been doing business since the Thirteenth Century, while the deeply-worn flagstones in the floor and the warped and twisted walls readily vouched for the truth of his assertion. Nearby stood the little Anglo-Norman church, a recognized stopping place for Canterbury-bound worshippers, where to this day one may see crude inscriptions, scratched in the walls by the "sondry folk" of Dan Chaucer's

acquaintance. It needed but little imagination to conjure up a picture of the world-wise Wife of Bath, forsaking with impunity the spiritual fortification of the altar for that of the White Horse across the way.

Another day took us along the Wey River to Guildford to stop for tea at the Red Lion, which worthy hostel, one may recall, once on a time served Samuel Pepys with asparagus of which he approved most highly. And then there were days when, following the moment's fancy, we turned down the first road that appealed. Such a day was the one before Christmas.

"Pub" near Horsley

Well fortified with a real English breakfast which, in addition to the customary tea, toast and marmalade, included oatmeal porridge, bacon, eggs and sausage, we set out. Our first stop was at the Burford Bridge Hotel for information and refreshment, and here it was, we learned, that Keats finished his *Endymion*. Across the nearby Mole rose the famous Box Hill which, in addition to being one of Keats' favorite haunts, was dear to Meredith whose old home stands just a bit farther on at the lower end of his Happy Valley.

After spending a few hours here, we pushed on to Dorking where the proprietor of the Sussex Yeoman was prevailed upon to forget the two-thirty closing regulation long enough to minister to the needs of four way-worn travellers. Then on, through the country, past fields of brown, dry bracken, green hedges and neatly kept enclosures to Wotton Hatch where we paid somewhat surreptitious respects to the manor house, once occupied by that other famous diarist, John Evelyn, and to the little stone church where generations of Evelyns lie buried.

Arriving back home in the early evening, we sat around the fire till nearly eleven o'clock and then again set out, this time across the country to the ivy-covered chapel near West Horsley where countrymen and villagers of the vicinity were gathering for the Christmas Eve watch service.

"It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold. ." said Washington Irving of the Christmas Eve that he spent at Bracebridge Hall; and so it was with ours. There was no snow, but the earth was icy under our feet and the crisp air made us forget the many miles already covered that day. Overhead the full moon lighted our path between shadowy banks of holly and across the open fields.

The service in which we took part will never be forgotten. We knew that in America our friends were soon to be singing the same songs and if ever the world seemed small it did that evening. "O, Come All Ye Faithful," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and "Joy to the World" rang out, clear and strong, and as we sang, to the accompaniment of an old hand-pumped organ, the candles flickered among the holly wreaths and sprigs of mistletoe which adorned the stone pillars and oaken beams. Before leaving England I was to feel the awe-inspiring majesty of a Matins in Salisbury Cathedral, an Evensong in Canterbury, an Easter Service in Westminster Abbey—yes, a prince's wedding procession and a king's jubilee—but none of these could ever erase from my memory the beautiful simplicity of this Christmas watch.

What shall one say of Christmas Day? I cannot emulate Washington Irving in telling of minstrelsy, the boar's head and the Wassail Bowl, but the hearty middle-class English equivalents of these rare old institutions were in no wise lacking. Arising by mid-day, we found a brisk hike of two or three miles in the nipping air an ideal preface to the dinner which the good Mistress Wiggs had spent the past week in preparing. A [*Continued on page 19*]

"Chargeable Noise"

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

It doesn't matter now that Sinclair Lewis allowed himself to write so dull a book as *Work of Art* or permitted that silly collection of his short stories to be published last summer, for now he has written *It Can't Happen Here*, perhaps not his best written but surely his most important book, a book which goes on every "Must" list automatically with its publication. It is a very painful book to read, for Mr. Lewis has been careful to prove not only that *It Can Happen Here*, that the United States could go Fascist and quite easily too, but he has shown also what life in this country would be like once it had happened. And particularly in Vermont, in Vermont where spring comes late and where the autumns are gaudy, where the snow is deep but undependable, where the summers can be as hot as Hoboken but where they do not *seem* so hot, and where one can as readily imagine Fascism or Hitlerism rampant as one can conjure up a picture of a New England town meeting in the environs of Moscow.

The book's scope is too large for this space, and a synopsis of its contents has appeared in enough reviews already; but if you bring it down to particular instances, if you think, for example, of what would happen to Middlebury College under the new state, you get an idea of the book's value as propaganda and as prophecy. What would happen? Perhaps Middlebury would be fortunate and merely be shut down. In any case Middlebury would be more fortunate than Dartmouth for a while, because its "plant" is not so good and it is more inconspicious. The government seized Dartmouth and established the headquarters of a new district commissioner there. The students were thrown out, broken glass outside the science halls indicated what had happened to laboratory equipment, Minute Men drilled on the campus and in assembly halls. But Middlebury might not be ignored for long. Books from the Library—lots of them—would be burned. Military training would be required and credit for graduation received for it. The women would be liquidated, and at once. (The new dormitory, being extremely attractive even in its present stage of construction would probably be taken over as local headquarters for the American version of the secret police.) As for the curriculum, with the increased importance of sports and military training, there would not be so much time for the classics or for literature or history and none at all for any scientific research. Good practical courses in "the higher accountancy, therapeutics of athlete's foot, canning and fruit dehydration, cultivation of will power, band music for mass meetings" would be instituted and credit given therefor. Many professors would be discharged at first; later they would be sent to labour or concentration camps. Very likely many of them would be tortured. They would not need to be "radical" or "liberal" in their politics for that. All they would need would be a dislike of cruelty, a preference for reading or biology or physics to marching and cheering. Anyone, surely, with any affection for this particular Alma Mater would prefer that it be closed and forgotten, even that Starr and Painter and the Old Chapel should become barracks whence Minute Men might sally forth to pursue their brave work of knocking down old men and frightening old women.

Of course I'm assuming that Mr. Lewis wasn't thinking of Middlebury when he talks about Isaiah College. If he is he is grossly misinformed and grossly misunderstands this college and, in that case, I should regret not saying what I think of the conversation of his characters, which is all alike and all uniformly tiresome and painful and exclamatory instead of saying that he has written a great book, as indeed he has; a book worthy of the author of *Arrowsmith* and *Babbitt* and *Ann Vickers*.

It Can't Happen Here, Sinclair Lewis, Doubleday Doran, $2.50.

There should be some way of making *My Country and My People* required reading. It is one of the most illuminating books about China that has been published and it is certainly one of the wittiest books about anything. It is a lucid analysis of the Chinese character, the Chinese philosophy and the Chinese manner of life, when the Chinese emerge as surely the most clear sighted and sensible people inhabiting the world today. Our knowledge of them is too largely confined to Sunday School leaflets, remarks by returned missionaries and novels dealing with life in Legation quarters, through which the Chinese flit, sinister, inscrutable and far too evasive. Perhaps the Occidental mind does not readily meet the Oriental mind, what with Chinese names being so difficult for us and because, from our standpoint, the Chinese go in reverse on every question under the sun, even to eating soup where we eat pudding. But at least it is worth trying and since this is a very tempting book from which to quote and since Mr. Lin Yutang's prose makes mine look like blind staggers some excerpts (taken at even more than the usual random) follow in the hope that it may induce some one or two to read more.

"A man enthusiastic for social reform or in fact for any kind of public work always looks a little bit ridiculous. We discount his sincerity. We cannot understand him. What does he mean by going out of his way to do all this work? Is he courting publicity? Why is he not loyal to his family and why does he not get official promotion and help his family first? We decide he is young, or else he is a deviation from the normal human type. There were always such deviations from type, ...but they were invariably of the bandit or vagabond class, unmarried, bachelors with good vagabond souls, willing to jump into the water to save an unknown drowning child. (Married men in China do not do that.) Or else they were married men who died penniless and made their wives and children suffer. We admire them, we love them, but we do not like to have them in the family. When we see a boy who has too much public spirit, getting himself [Continued on page 19]

Hopi Snake Dance

By REGINALD L. COOK, '24, *Professor of American Literature, Middlebury*

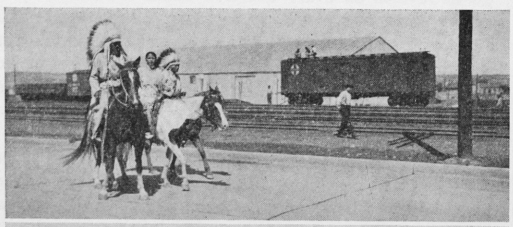
THE seven Hopi villages are located in northeastern Arizona on three inaccessible mesas, over seventy miles from the main highway. Mishongnovi, where the first of the two Snake Dances was held in late August of this year, is the second Hopi village on the second mesa. The Snake Dance is a culmination of a nine-day ceremony that begins at the sunrise of the first day when a priest attaches the nacti—two eagle feathers tied to a stick—on the door of the main khiva or underground ceremonial chamber. It is justly famous; unlike other dances it never leaves the reservation; it is like a good simile, brief, spontaneous, vivid, and surprizing; and it draws the persevering enthusiast close to the heart of two mysteries—the Indian and the untamed West.

Under threatening skies the morning of the day of the Snake Dance we drove from Flagstaff to the Canyon Diablo. There we turned off, continuing our long trek through open range country, treeless, subhumid and semi-arid, pointing toward the nearest Hopi Mesa at Oraibi.

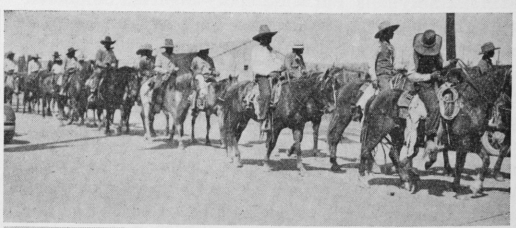
Skimming along over the fast adobe road we out-distanced the unsettled skies and came out under the brimless blue prairie sky. Far to our right we raised Elephant Butte, and, a little beyond, Montezuma's Chair, a dome-like mound resting on a long mesa. Surrounding us on the prairie upland was the prevailing grey of bunch grass and sage. At the horizon's edge embers of sun-illumined mesas glowed ruddily. The morning waned and the sun reached higher and higher until its rays, falling vertically on the escarpment of the mesas, deepened the shadows of the indentations in a blue gloaming. So great was the distance, so clear and clean and calm was the wide, slightly undulant prairie floor, that the long rectangular mesas and the acute-angled buttes glimmered in manifold highlights throughout the livelong day.

While traversing seventy miles of gently rising open range that expands in vista after vista, one appears to be wandering aimlessly and fondly until the adobe road abruptly curves in toward the mesas. These long, often high tablelands come to life when the Indian hugs them for his homesite. The first Hopi pueblo we approached was Oraibi. It was situated partly on the mesa, partly under its lee. The older pueblo was on top; the more recent adobe dwellings stood under the mesa's rim, closer to the maize fields and to the valley irrigated by a slender stream.

From Oraibi we crawled cautiously in low



Fine Feathers on Parade
Navajos Sheep-dipping



Indian Horsemen
A Navajo Bivouac

A Pueblo Entrance
Indian Country

Ruins of Pueblo Bonito
A Navajo Encampment

gear through deep-sunken arroyo beds, eased through sand and slough, then wormed up and around tortuous cliff-sides, finding ourselves at last with ample elbow room on the rim of the second mesa. The view over the grey landscape was uninterrupted; the eye could look and look. Here and there a brown strip of road wound circuitously, leaving long lean sutures on the surface of the prairie, and occasionally the eye lingered over spots of enlivening green where the Hopi cultivated their corn and beans and melons. High-ranging, broad-winged buzzards drew circles in the upper sky, swinging down in long swooping arcs, to disappear suddenly under the mesa rim. One never saw them begin their flight nor end it; they were either in or out of the air.

Ten miles distant from Oraibi we arrived at Mishongnovi. From the floor of the mesa a big shoulder of rock squared out, and raised upward from the rock-crest were the grey, prehensile stone and adobe houses of the Hopi. The pueblo was so natural a part of the rock that indeed it was indistinguishable from it a few hundred paces away. It was not so much on the rock as of it. It was not like the ogre on Aladdin's back. Here were not two different things but one.

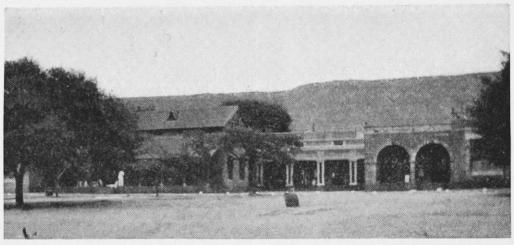
A road leading into the pueblo followed the base of the rock and spiralled up and into the narrow open plaza. Pathways ascended obliquely to the pueblo. Stone and adobe dwellings thatched the shoulder of rock and on the spiny sides were corrals for horses and burros. Turkeys strutted about, gobbling at every vague disturbance. Ubiquitous Indian curs dodged here and there, alertly keeping out of foot-reach. Small, wild-eyed boys with mops of uncombed black hair drove with abandon hither and thither on their patient, well-trained burros. Halterless, rein-less and frequently without saddles the boys guided the burros with sticks of wood. Some young bucks mounted on ponies rode at full speed along the narrow paths of the escarpment, checking their mounts at the edge, giving an exhibition of superior horsemanship.

In the small village—a cluster of stone and adobe houses projecting perilously from the rock—the two hundred Hopis were busy about their affairs. A squaw chopped kindling wood, hobbled burros cropped tufts of grass on the embankment, hens and roosters scratched in the refuse piles, and some small children—one quite naked—played along the slope. By the entrance to a dwelling a tall blackened can of coffee boiled over an open fire. Through doorways a family could be seen squatting in a circle on the earthern floor eating the noonday meal. At any time an Indian could rise up and look out through door or window, to see far across the broad prairie distant vertical clouds sweeping the range with rain. All day long clouds blow this way and that way presaging rain. They hang abeyant and sometimes droop down drenching a wide area and then pass on. Though the sun is a constant and the [*Continued on page 17*]

Outposts of Mercy in India

An Interview with KATHERINE MIX, '25, *by* GRACE DESCHAMPS.*

"FOR East is East," said Kipling, "and West is West—and never the twain shall meet!" But Kipling left out the 20th century —that with the white man's medicine, and his movies and his automobiles, is winning Kim over to Western ways.



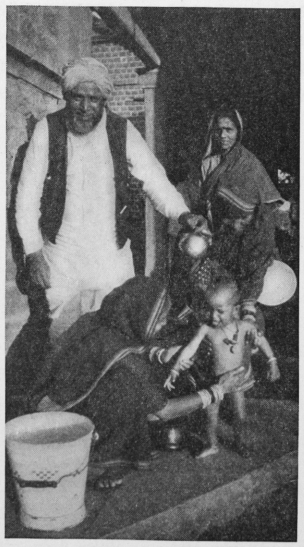
The Hospital

For Kim, that symbolical figure of Indian life, is one by one dropping the habits of his ancient heritage. His indolence, his fatalism, his acceptance of existence no matter how wretched, are succumbing to a new influx of ideas, to the luminous words of his white-skinned teachers that knowledge is power and that all men are free.

When a religion heals one first, ministers to sufferings at the tremendous cost of scientific altruism 10,000 miles away, it cannot be accused of selfish motives. When it teaches the laws of health, wars on ancient enemies of ignorance and squalor —and stands ready to share the best of the white man's world —this religion cannot be accused of ulterior motives.

And thus into Kim's consciousness, accustomed for centuries untold to exploitation and the jungle law, to a social order of fabulous wealth and wretched poverty, and to cruel caste laws only ended by death,—the heroic work of the American missionary is slowly penetrating, giving him new dreams to dream.

Little American churches in little American towns, foregoing a new organ to buy him medicine and equipment, American doctors and American nurses, braving typhoid and cholera in the interests of Christianized medicine—these things to Kim suggest another side of the white man's nature and are dissolving ancient hatreds and suspicions.



Mohammedan baby comes seventy miles for a bath

Almost halfway around the world from Kim's sacred temples, Katherine Mix, '25, has returned to Worcester on a furlough. Six years ago she set sail for India, land of mystery and danger, of the strange and exotic, and, in many respects, an unread page in the white man's knowledge of ancient history.

It was a reckless gesture but scarcely a thoughtless one. Miss Mix went out not for a "lark" nor empty-handed. She had the Western technique against disease and death learned at one of the country's finest training schools for nurses, besides her Middlebury background.

She knew the discipline and sympathy taught only in hospital wards and she could do the hundred-and-one trifling but priceless tasks that a nurse must do.

Thus equipped, to an American missionary hospital at Wai, in the Satara district of India, she went —the hospital, one of the medical units of the American Board of Missions of the Congregational Church. And for six years the familiar landmarks of an American background were blotted out as she grew accustomed to a new race and land having nothing in common scarcely with the country left behind.

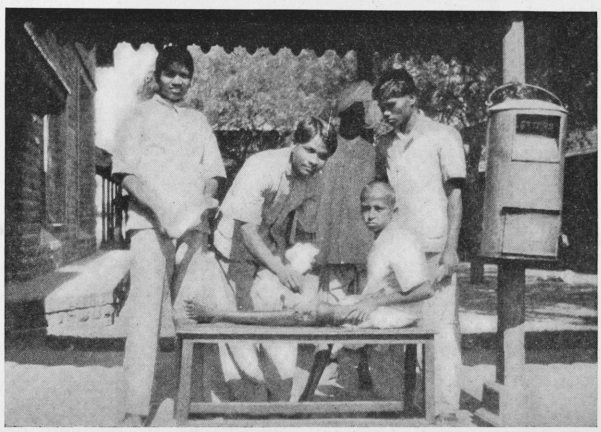
Heat that wearies one with its endless monotony, rains that last for months, turning the countryside into a river of mud, and only three months of coolness to store

*Reprinted in part from an article in the Worcester Telegram, August 18, 1935.

up nerve for the rest of the year—such physical factors as these Miss Mix learned to bargain with in her truce with India.

Ideas so strange and inimical to our social code that one must learn the lesson of tolerance and understanding before being able to labor intelligently—and plus all these the odds of suspicion and distrust because one is a "European" and a "foreigner," such additional conditions are pitted against the Indian missionary in his initial contact with the land. But the missionary must realize that he has something to learn as well as to teach, and that another man's gods are not to be laughed at because you, yourself, do not happen to worship them.

Few Americans can imagine a caste system that makes one man from birth an outcast and an "untouchable," yet makes another, by the selfsame circumstance, a prince of the land—a system against which the stoutest social ideas have protested in vain. Yet this is the condition that governs the greater number of India's millions.



Dressing a Tubercular Knee

Nor is the caste system one of wealth or education or of any other barrier that the Westernborn, with brains and initiative, is accustomed to surmount. It is the touch of dead hands which in some dim past set one man apart from another—established gradations in social levels that centuries upon centuries have not erased.

But Hinduism, with its caste system, its sacred cows and its child marriages, represents only one set of those strange ideas which seem to the American a mass of incredibilities.

"Can you imagine an American wife coming to the hospital to take care of her husband's second wife?" Miss Mix inquires.

"Yet that is what we saw when an Indian woman, accompanied by her husband's first wife, came to the mission hospital for treatment. The first wife, with good-will and solicitude for the other woman, came to the hospital to cook and help take care of her."

In the country districts of India it is a customary sight to see the patient come to the hospital with one or more of his or her relatives.

"The relatives come along to cook for the patient. The preparation of food is so important an item in the Hindu religion that this is not entrusted to the European nurses. We have cook houses close to the hospital where these relatives stay and here they prepare their Indian dishes."

How about the special diets so necessary to the treatment of disease—so important, indeed to the patient's recovery? But Miss Mix explains that this is no problem, for the Indian cook is obedient to the letter in carrying out dietary instructions.

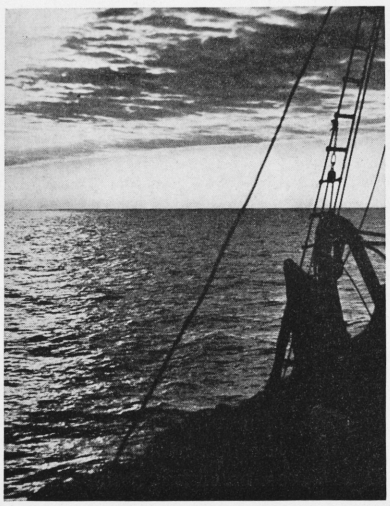
The mission hospital at Wai, where Miss Mix during her stay became assistant superintendent of nurses, is a finely equipped modern hospital with everything necessary to modern medical and surgical technique. It contains eighty beds and besides having a maternity ward, cares for men, women, and children. It is supported solely by American funds and such fees as it obtains from the patients, having no support from the local government.

Many familiar comforts must be forgone by the doctor or nurse or teacher who goes out to the country districts of India. There are no ice cubes to cool one's afternoon tea, no cream for coffee and no abundance of fresh fruits for breakfast, although the little colony at Wai raised tomatoes, cucumbers, and similar garden truck dear to the American table.

The thick, juicy steaks, however, which are the backbone of the English and American dinner are not to be had at any price. Chicken and an obviously underfed mutton one may buy now and then, but beef is completely unthinkable. For the Hindus, largest [*Continued on page 18*]

Down to the Sea in Trawlers

By THE EDITOR



AND so we head into a sixty mile gale, whipped along by the backwash of a Florida hurricane—with promises from the radio operator of a countering nor'easter tomorrow. As the five hundred ton trawler ploughs into open water, we recall distinctly the various items on menus of the last twenty-four hours. The ship registers every break on the surface of the Atlantic with the faithfulness of a seismograph. She plunges, rolls, turns, spanks a twenty-foot trough, climbs a small mountain and thunders into a cross surge.

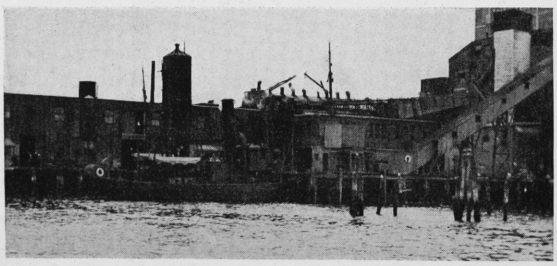
This is the beginning, and the Banks are twenty-eight hours east. We brace ourselves on the "fantail." The captain suddenly confronts us, appearing from nowhere. There is a look on his salt-toughened face that brands us invaders, he offers the sort of affection a Vermont hill farmer offers a swank metropolite lost on a back road. We do not introduce ourselves. He assumes that we already know him. That is enough. We ask about the weather, the size of the crew, and his fishing tactics, all of which we know, but we also know that he expects these questions to be asked. We go through the formality of inquiring where we are allowed on the boat.

"Go anywhere you ___ ___ please, only keep out of the way."

There is a gibe about seasickness, so we decide not to be seasick, to call his bluff, and follow him to the bridge. There, in his official station, he opens up and as if he were reading from "Who's Who" spreads out his past: born in Nova Scotia, on the sea at the age of nine, and there ever since except for a brief interlude of lumberjacking in Maine, around Cape Horn on a freighter, mate on a Rockefeller yacht, rum-running between Europe and the States for several years, and finally the Bay State Fishing Company and Lamere.

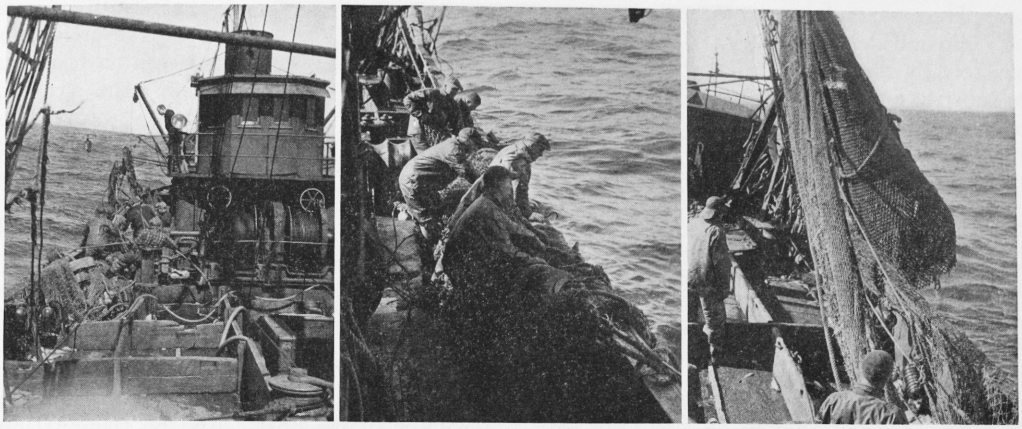
. . .

Few alumni realize that a good half of the commercial deepsea fishing in the east evolves around Joel Lamere, '16, vice-president and general manager of the Bay State Fishing Company. Under his supervision are some twenty trawlers with an average value of $150,000—the largest fleet operated by one company in the country—a huge plant in East Boston taking care of between fifty and seventy million pounds of fish a year, with facilities for canning products and by-products ranging from fish cakes and dried cod-flakes to smoked haddock and dog food. In Vinal Haven is a plant even larger, and there the company has gone one step further in developing glue and cod liver oil factories, and a fertilizer plant, which, of course, the Athens of America would not tolerate. But the principal pride of the Bay State Fishing Company is their 40-fathom fillet which they originated back in 1921 to lengthen the market "life" of haddock, cod and flounder, and to diminish the cost of transporting fish waste.



Bay State Dock and Plant at East Boston

The trade name "40-Fathom" originated from the fact that all Bay State

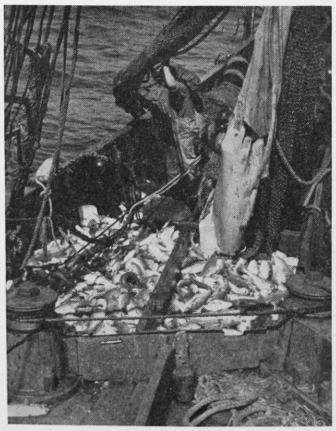


Three Stages of Hauling in the Catch

boats fish at approximately that depth on the Banks off New England and Nova Scotia. Thirty years ago the company gave up, hook, line, and sinker, the ancient mode of dory fishing. It startled the fisherman's world by going to the Banks, not with miles of trawl line coiled in tubs, but with conical nets to be dragged on the ocean bottom,—nets 150 feet long, varying in width from the 100-foot mouth to a point at the closed or cod end. The idea proved to be such an immediate success that it revolutionized the whole fishing industry in less than a decade. The company started with one trawler in 1905 and, until the depression years set in, launched a new ship practically every year.

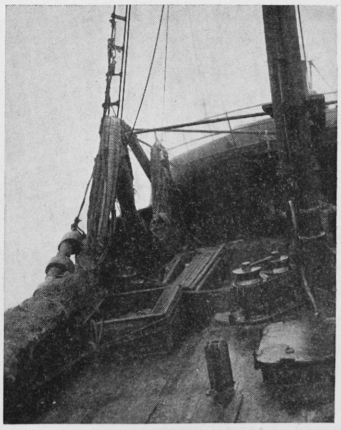
Winter and summer, regardless of weather, the fleet plies between Boston and the Banks, and the land lubber fortunate enough to get a berth on one of these trawlers for a seven or twelve day trip acquires the makings of a Conradesque saga, a new lein on the sea, and a staunch admiration for fishermen if not an appetite for fish.

There are no deck chairs, or shuffle board, no bar or bath stewards, the ship's library consists of expurgated copies of Western Stories and Hearst funnies tucked into crannies of the laboratory, what gambling is done is not on horse races but on the next haul of haddock,



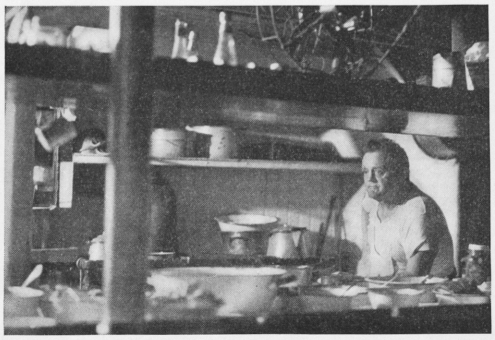
4,000 pounds

Dressing the Catch



Homeward Bound in a Gale

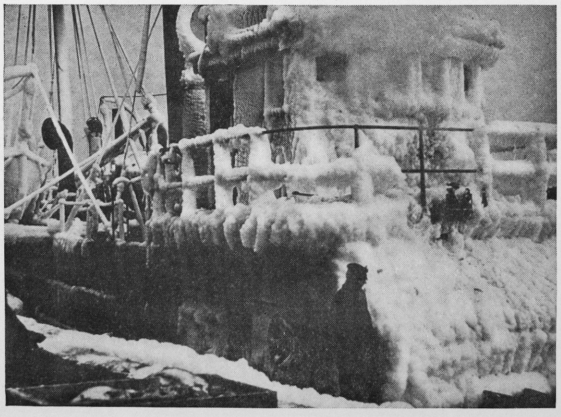
terse phrases warm from the radio and delivered privately by the operator substitute the ship's newspaper. One does not walk the decks for a bracer, for they are all strewn with fish or gear. It is a single class boat—steerage. But the captain was sincere in offering *carte blanche* freedom to wander from prow to stern.



The Galley

The bridge is ours, the galley, and the pilot house. We can read Masefield or Nordhoff and Hall propped against a life boat, or, best, lie for hours unending on the forecastle deck with an anchor for a back rest or a hawser for a pillow. All seats have the same upholstery, half inch iron plate. And by the third day out we can make ourselves equally uncomfortable anywhere and like it.

Time loses its meaning, and its land value. Our resignation to the monotony of the sea is complete. The groaning of the ship, the shudder from the propellor, the screaming of the tackle and winches become as much a part of existence as the sound of street traffic beneath an office window, and no less familiar. We roll in our bunks obliviously, listen in on a rehearsal of salt-tainted tales from the mate, or try to keep our balance on the bridge, rain and spray lashing our faces. The sighting of a new ship on the horizon, or a school of whale, taking pot shots at twelve foot sharks become the events of the day. The long sentence of time is punctuated only by a blast of the siren every two hours when all hands are called on deck to land another catch or by a thrust from the galley chief summoning us to another of his banquets served thrice daily.



Winter Closes in on the Banks

Theoretically the skipper is sovereign, but every man on board including the captain recognizes the cook or galley chief as the real boss. The galley with a range and sink on one side, the other walls encased in shelves and compact cupboards, and the long double-deck table down the center, is the club room, the social center, the saloon, the heart of the boat. And no trans-Atlantic liner can equal the bill of fare offered.

A cook's shopping list for fifteen men before a seven-day trip reads like the inventory of a chain store: 90 lbs. roasting beef, 35 lbs. pork loin, 15 lbs. bacon, 15 lbs. fore lamb, 6 hams, 60 lbs. salt meat, a dozen chickens, 40 lbs. butter, 45 dozen eggs, 4 lbs. liverwurst, 6 of bologna, 5 of frankfurts, and 6 of sausage, 6 dozen bananas, a half crate of oranges, a bushel of apples, two dozen cantaloupes, 75 lbs. sugar, 300 lbs. potatoes, 40 lbs. cabbage, a bushel of sweet corn, 10 lbs. coffee, not to mention the scores of smaller items in wholesale lots like cartons of canned fruits and vegetables, fresh vegetables by the hundred weight, cereals, gallons of milk, cookies, crackers, pickles, preserves, dried beans and peas, spaghetti, rice and macaroni.

The cook's larder comes to port as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. His table is spread for gourmands; it would be slightly heavy for a white collar appetite, but the best delicatessen shop couldn't touch his quality, and his pastry would make a chef on the Normandie spruce up and take notice. There is nothing but

[*Continued on page 17*]

DOWN TO THE SEA IN TRAWLERS

[*Continued from page 16*]

the time of day to distinguish between his breakfast, lunch, and dinner with the possible exception of breakfast when a package of Corn Flakes gives him away. With a Cyclopean hunger, a member of the crew stumbles down the perpendicular stairway into the galley chief's inferno at five in the morning to devour in fifteen minutes: a melon or a few oranges, a half dozen eggs, with several quarter inch thick slices of bacon, three pork chops, a fillet of fish, and a slab of rump steak on the side, a large pint of coffee as a lubricant, and a quarter of blueberry pie toward the last. The meal will go him until noon if he can count on bi-hourly snacks in the meantime.

These breaks in an insufferably Spartan existence make the routine almost tolerable. It is an endless cycle: hauling on board the enormous nets, always on guard against flying tackle, overwhelming seas and shifting decks, at once setting to work patching broken nets, the haste to get the nets over board again lest a good location be lost, and then the arduous job of dressing, sorting, and stowing away the catch in the hold. Such team work would make a Lou Little football eleven look clumsy. Every man knows every play and can carry on in one position as well as another. If he happens to be nearest the winch he turns engineer; if a rope snaps, the nearest man splices it; anyone can weave a torn square foot of net as good as new in five minutes. One would have to hurdle many professions to find a comparable *esprit de corps*.

But even those most addicted to the sea anticipate with no fervor the long winters on the Banks. Fishing goes on twenty-four hours a day. The day's work may start at four in the morning,—above to face a blizzard pelted on by a fifty mile gale. Seas deluging the deck alternately from port and starboard. Temperature thirty below. Every comber breaking over the gunwales or prow freezes instantly on rigging. Tons of ice coat the ship white as an albatross. Five tons of fish landed by the previous watch are to be dressed immediately or they will be frozen solid. The men can look forward to eight hours of this arctic labor, broken by occasional snacks in the galley, or by turns at the axe chopping ice off the rigging.

And the fisherman's monetary reward is $25 a trip, but all is on a cooperative basis so that with the bonus it frequently amounts to three or four times that sum and occasionally 8 or 10 times, depending on the tonnage of the haul. His is a sixteen hour day, made up of eight hours (or more) on deck and four (or less) below, though on some boats the day is divided in watches of six hours.

At times the futility of the work is appalling. In summer a net may be ready to haul aboard when a shark slinks to the surface and with one razor-like cut, slashes the cow-hide end of the net and the catch escapes. Or in winter after some 10,000 pounds have been landed, the prow may nose one forty foot wave and in the ensuing flood, the decks washed clean of every fish.

The trawler eliminates all the sport from deep sea fishing. It is purely a commercial venture, designed to provide a stable supply of sea food to millions of inlanders as well as residents nearer the coast. Where fish were once hooked by the dozen during a day, they are now scooped up from the ocean bottom at a rate of three or four dozen a minute. Few of the men employed in the Banks are in love with their jobs. Almost invariably they envy the laborer back in the hills who can feel the certainty of terra firma under his feet. He works, much as a factory hand works—for his pay checks, which in the course of a good year would total more than a college professor's salary—and he works ever looking forward to that few hours at port.

Were it possible to compute the cost of fish in terms of hardships, privations and fisherman's luck, Mrs. Alumna would not walk away from the counter in a temper because the price of haddock fillets had gone up to thirty cents a pound.

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE

[*Continued from page 11*]

rain a variable in this country, the mesa is at all times kept decently inhabitable by exhilarating breezes.

The long narrow plaza where the Snake Dance was held filled with spectators early in the afternoon. On either side of the plaza were the one-story adobe houses. Many spectators, leaning against the houses or sitting on the ground before them, secured coigns of vantage, while others found positions on top, sitting with their feet resting on the vega posts. Tourists and Indians predominated, but here also were cowboys, dude ranchers, archaeological expeditioners, sheep and cattle men, business men from Western settlements and Indian traders. At first one drew a hasty conclusion that the Snake Dance was to be a festivity for the benefit, entertainment and excitement of the paleface. This unthoughtful conclusion dissipated as soon as the dance began.

Those who gathered here crowding the plaza did not expect the dance to begin until sundown. They came prepared to wait patiently. Word went around that the preliminary Antelope Dance given the night before did not start until half-past five. The Snake Dance was expected to begin no sooner. Meanwhieh the Hopis hustled about taking advantage of their opportunity, selling beadwork, basketry, fruit and soda pop. The aborigine appeared quite naturalized as he hastened up and down the plaza, urging the spectators to buy "a bottle of ice-cold soda pops!" Yet the omnipresent vendors were neither importunate nor ungracious. Consequently they were well patronized. At half-past four, to the surprise and approbation of all, a local Indian agent made an announcement asking for respectful attention and quiet. The dance, he informed the visitors, was a religious ceremony. And now the women put aside their knitting; there was a stir and then a hush.

A bower of green cottonwood branches stood at the left center of the plaza and close by were two earth-passages, one resembling a manhole lid and the other like a raised manhole. Without ceremony (I was amazed not to hear the tombe or drum, usually such an important feature in Indian dances) eleven dancers hastened forward, apparently coming from the Khiva at the mesa's edge. They came forward taking long rapid strides. Each time they encircled the plaza they diminished its area. They carried gourd rattles in both hands but no sound was emitted. These were the Antelope priests. Their hair, black and long, fell free over their naked backs. The upper bodies were painted brown with ziz-zag lines, descending vertically. Their kilt-like,knee-high garments were decoratively embroidered, and golden fox-skins hung from their waists in back. They wore brown deerskin moccasins. When they had entirely diminished the area of the plaza in a centripetal glide, they formed a line directly in front of the bower, their backs to it. Their faces, painted from the mouth down with black and grey pigment, were expressionless except for a look of intense concentration. The gourd rattles began to shake and the sound of the rattle was like a mimetic augury of the rattlesnakes. As the Antelope dancers stood very erect in formation their eyes cast earthward, the curious cry of a chant broke from their lips. They punctuated the murmur of the chant by shaking the gourds in unison. While the chant was placative, the rattles were stimulative. The chant, one thought, must be addressed to the rain-gods, and the rattles reminiscent of the snakes who were to bear the petitions for the Hopis. There was the constant murmur of the chant and the provocative vibration of the rattles. This was the invocation.

And now the Snake priests entered the plaza. It was very intense and the hot sun beat down steadily. An Indian baby cried vigorously. The priests came forward with aggressive steps, and their long black hair filled with brown-tipped feathers hung down their backs. The long hair tossed like a mane as they strode along. Their faces were entirely black except for the gleaming eyes, and their torsos were naked and pigmented. A short kilt-like ochre-colored garment fell to their knees. Their legs were bare and they wore moccasins. They strode about the plaza, even as the Antelope dancers had. Each time they passed the earth-lids they flung grains of corn pollen upon the spot and stamped emphatically. Then they, too, lined up facing the Antelope dancers and the green bower.

The Snake priests carried feathers in their hands while the Antelope priests held gourds. As the former beat time with their feathers the latter shook their gourd rattles. When this ceased temporarily the two groups solemnly chanted an impressive antiphonal. It was now very quiet and expectant. After several antiphonal passages when the feathers of the Snake priests beat the measure synchronously with the rattling of the gourds, this part of the ceremony ceased.

I looked searchingly but I could never be sure of what happened next. Quite suddenly one of the Snake priests—a carrier—stood with another at his right side. The latter—the hugger—held his left arm around the carrier's neck, as if in embrace, while in the other free hand he waved a feather wand. Gripped midway down the spine, a full-length snake dangled limply from the mouth of the carrier. The yellow-bellied snake writhed its flexible tail and arched its delicate pointed head, flickering a forked-tongue. The snake in the priest's mouth was held as firmly as though one's hand clutched a wrist holding a long curving-bladed knife. One by one the Snake dancers—the carrier with snake in his mouth and the hugger with feather in his hand—shuffled about the earthen plaza. They carried king and bull snakes and rattlers in their mouths. As the carriers shuffled about intensely concentrated on the snake in their mouths, the huggers, with equal intensity, deflected the delicately pointed heads of the snakes, so perilous with their sharp-toothed and venomous fangs, away from the heads of the carriers with a gentle persuasion of the soft feathery wands. And the snakes responded. Sometimes their heads, a few inches from the face or neck of the carrier, lifted alertly and curled outward but I did not see one snake sink its fangs in the priests. But what an infinite concentration, and what an absorptive rhythm—an impassioned moving of man with earth-forces symbolized by the snakes! One could not fail to feel this!

While the carriers shuffled along and the huggers crept behind them, one or two of the Snake priests known as gatherers attended the snakes released in the plaza. Before I could very well tell when, the plaza was swarming with a mass of rippling yellow waves, long and short, thick and cordy, thin and wiry. And even as the supple snakes furtively glided this way and that sending the excited crowd back, the gatherers, also bearing feathers, carefully turned them toward the center of the plaza. Sometimes a gatherer picked up a snake that glided too rapidly and too apprehensively—its head far off the ground—and with the most casual of motions left it to twist or coil about his arm or body or wrist. A few minutes later he had gathered a half dozen and they enwound him. But there was not the slightest hesitation or show of fear. Very nimbly the gatherer turned the freshly lustrated rattlers from the path of the dancing priests. It was done much after the fashion of the Indian boys whom I had observed a littler earlier in the day guiding their halterless and reinless burros with a short stick of wood.

Now a dozen squaws appeared—one blond and the others with very black hair—each carrying a brilliantly-colored blanket over her shoulder and each bearing a bowl with a quantity of maize pollen in it. As the carriers and huggers passed by the squaws the latter took handfuls of pollen grain from the bowls and threw it lightly upon the snakes. When all the bowls were empty the squaws withdrew, and the carriers lifted the snakes from their mouths and held the supine and attenuated bodies casually in their fists.

How silent it was! The tension had not yet snapped. The Snake priests with their hands grasping several snakes then hurried out of the plaza, going toward the six directions of the Indian astronomy, taking with them these messengers of the underworld. The snakes would carry back to the divinities the rain-prayers of this primitive people in order that they might have increase in the harvest fields of this semi-arid land. If the prayers were granted there would be drenching rain to succor the growing melons and corn and beans. With the disappearance of the Snake priests bearing away the snakes in their fists, to release them in propitiation to the gods, the tension relaxed. After the Snake priests had gone out and down the side of the escarpment to the valley below, the Antelope priests left the plaza in regular order, and the dance, which had been scarcely thirty minutes long, ended.

We hastened away in the face of the declining sun, leaving behind us the cluster of Hopi Pueblo villages, their tenacious roots riven in the beetling mesas. A wan light spread over the gaunt and wasted landscape. And yet amid this desolate land we came upon Hopi cornfields, and we passed Navajo herdsmen in encampment, their sheep flocks browsing the bunch grass. Nearby the Navajo's wickiup or shelter were the tethered horses and the open fire. A little skirl of smoke drifted upward. Off in the distance infrequently we saw Indians on horseback pursuing their solitary way across the interminable prairie.

The sun waned rapidly and the light was already dim in the valleys when we came out on a plateau. Before us stretched the grey undulant prairie. Our eyes traced the long silver furrow of the Little Colorado flowing northward. Ten miles away the brilliant point of a windmill glittered above a dark green band of trees. This was Leupp, a small trading post and site of an Indian school. Beyond the settlement the prairie continued uninterruptedly, going on and on. Thirty miles to the west was the nest of sharp-toothed peaks—the range of the San Francisco peaks—and directly above them hung two long horizontal bands of dark clouds. From the vantage point of the plateau we could see not only the serrated cluster of peaks but the upper clouds free of all interference. So blue was the sky surrounding the clouds it seemed drawn taut. The sun in its descent caught in the meshes of the cloud-banks and shot the fringes into molten gold. It fairly poured from the upper sky into the finely tempered blue serrations of the peaks, filling the deep crevices and wide fissures. We looked steadily westward and held the sunset in our eyes long as we could. Then we descended into the valley, crossed the Little Colorado and were taken by the dark. When the night had fully declared itself, lightning opened wide patches of gleaming light over Winslow and Holbrook. It appeared momentarily, on each occasion opening a seam in the thick sky. The immensity of the prairie night—its silence and its sentience—absorbed us even as it did the lightning in the east, the distant prairie settlements to the south, the western sunset, and the Hopi celebrants on their mesas far to the north.

OUTPOSTS OF MERCY IN INDIA

[*Continued from page 13*]

numerically in India, will kill no beef nor permit it to be killed.

The "sacred cow" is a fact in India and one kills it at his peril. In the cow may lurk the spirit of some dead ancestor who through the tortuous system of reincarnation occupies many earthly bodies before its final celestial goal.

"Sometimes a Mohammedan who has no such scruples about a cow, may kill one but the Hindu protest is loud and serious. On the other hand, one can scarcely enjoy the cow after it is killed. The pasturage is bare and lean and the cow is a far cry from the usually well-fed beast we see here. We use buffalo malk in preference to cow's milk because the latter is so thin and pooi."

The Hindus and Mohammedans dominate the population numerically although there are also Parsees, Christians, and Jains. Christianity is growing in India although the group is large. But the steady leavening of the East with Western progressiveness is a considerable factor in preparing the way for it.

"Not more than forty years ago," Miss Mix points out, "the missionary or the foreigner was not permitted inside a Brahmin's home in Wai. The Brahmins, you know, are the highest caste of Hindus But feeling against the foreigner has receded enormously and just recently a Brahmin dared all ostracism by his family and caste to become a Christian. The expectation was that he would be put out of the house, but no such thing happened, and there was complete toleration of his act."

"Feeling, of course, against British rule runs high in many quarters. But there are two sides to the question and while one can see the Indian point of view frequently with sympathy, you also wonder what would happen if British rule were withdrawn from India.

"England, of course, keeps peace among all those factions and even though she were to withdraw, one cannot conceive of a united, effective India, so hostile to one another are the many factions and sets of ideas. Hindus and Mohammedans may be united against England but without this common bond, there is no friendship between them.

"India wants the good things in our civilization but it is not imperialistic and would not wish to enforce its own ideas. It is more likely to take from us what it needs for progress, retaining in its own culture what is familiar and desirable."

CHRISTMAS IN THE CABBAGE PATCH

[Continued from page 8]

blazing fire on the hearth, together with decorations of holly and mistletoe about the walls, furnished a setting very much in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Roast pork, roast goose, dressing, vegetables, with sauces and relishes of sundry kinds, formed the main course of the dinner, while the finishing touch, was added, of course, by the inevitable, and inimitable, plum pudding. And, lest we forget, there was wine of Mrs. Wiggs' own making, fruit, nuts and sweets of all varieties. Truly the spirit and the flesh arose from that repast wanting nothing to consummate satisfaction.

The evening was spent around the fire with the family, playing games and joining with them in the old songs which were popular in the generation of our parents. Much to our delight one of the farm boys entertained us with a number of those interminable English ballads in which we were able to take part to the extent of joining in the simple and oft-repeated refrains.

When at last the good Mr. Wiggs informed us that our fires had been lighted, we repaired to the upper floor where we held a brief Christmas party of our own, exchanged a few gifts, thought of those friends and loved ones, three thousand miles away, where other Christmas days were drawing to a close—and retired to dream of clinking tankards with Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., in a toast to *Merrie England*.

"CHARGEABLE NOISE"

[Continued from page 9]

into all sorts of scrapes, we confidently predict that boy will be the death of his parents. If we can break him early enough, well and good; if not, he will go to jail and ruin the family fortune besides. But it isn't always as bad as that. If we cannot break him, he will probably run away from home and join the public-spirited brigands. That is why they are "deviations."

"Although the Chinese may learn from the West a great deal about a sense of proportion in arranging for feasts, they have, in this field as in medicine, many famous and wonderful recipes to teach the Westerners. In the cooking of ordinary things like vegetables and chickens, the Chinese have a rich store to hand to the West when the West is ready and humble enough to learn it. This seems unlikely until China has built a few good gun-boats and can punch the West in the jaw, when it will be admitted that we are unquestionably better cooks as a nation."

"We are great enough to make elaborate rules of ceremony, but we are also great enough to treat them as part of the great joke of life. We are great enough to denounce vice, but we are also great enough not to be surprised or disturbed by it. We are great enough to elaborate a perfect system of official impeachment and civil service and traffic regulations and library reading room rules, but we are also great enough to break all systems, to ignore them, circumvent them, play with them and become superior to them. We do not teach our young in the colleges a course of political science showing how a government is supposed to be run, but we teach them by daily example how our municipal, provincial and central governments are actually run. We have no use for impracticable idealism as we have no patience for doctrinaire theology. We do not teach our young to become like the sons of God but we teach them to behave like sane, normal human beings."

My Country and My People, Lin Yutang, Reynal and Hitchcock, $3.00.

Though Mr. Seabrook is better known as a traveller than as a reformed dipsomaniac, his latest book which deals with the latter facet of his character is more interesting than his accounts of his trips to strange places (though they were interesting enough) in which he seemed always to have one arm around a native witch doctor, one eye cocked on the serialization of his material and his mouth full of human flesh. (His chapter on cannibalism was the *piece de resistance* of one of his books and was much admired. People taste like stringy veal, in case you're interested.) In this book he has forgotten his journalistic cliches, and has given every evidence of having tried to write a true and honest book.

Mr. Seabrook, it seems, was drinking himself to death. At his own instigation and with the help of friends he was committed to an asylum or rather to a "mental hospital" to see if he could be cured. The doctors were not very sanguine, because dipsomaniacs may be turned into teetotallers, but they are not often cured to the extent of taking it or leaving it alone. Mr. Seabrook says he was not a real dipsomaniac, that "I drank because I was afraid I wasn't good enough." He was afraid among other things of not being able to write well enough. When he had cleared this up in his mind, he says, he was cured. It would seem that this is only scratching the surface and that *why* he was afraid is the point, but Mr. Seabrook makes no pretensions to being a psychoanalyst and it would be ungracious to carp at his only going half way when he has written such an interesting and amusing (though never flippant) book. He has taken difficult and dangerous material and made it into what for lack of a better term must be called a human document, and so long as he is honest with himself and his reader Mr. Seabrook need never be afraid of not writing well enough. What's wrong with good journalism, anyway?

It is difficult material because it is hard to write about what P. G. Wodehouse calls a "loony bin" without sounding heartless; and it is dangerous because it is hard for people to write about themselves objectively. Mr. Seabrook has "managed" and however unpleasing some people may find his personality I do not see how anyone could fail to be fascinated by the book. Particularly recommended is the account of the riot caused by Miss Katherine Hepburn and the rest of the Little Women. This means you, Frank Button.

Asylum, William Seabrook, Harcourt Brace, $2.00.

Though the publishers call *Europa* a novel, it is really no such thing. It is just a Book and a big book. It is a heavy book to hold and a long book to read, but worth every minute of it. Its scope is enormous. It is a panorama of European aristocracy during the decades before the outbreak of the last World War (unless another one has broken out before this gets into print; it is the 1914-1918 conflict that is referred to), a story of Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses who found it impossible to live in Russia, what with the peculiar and obstinate way in which peasants and anarchists had suddenly taken to behaving. It is a story of society rushing witlessly to its ruin in the manner of Europa on her famous bull; though it may be presumed that Europa at least knew she was unconventionally mounted and the Grand Dukes appear neither to have known or cared where they were going or what was carrying them. The book gives you a hint of what they were riding on.

There isn't anything like space enough to review such a book thoroughly, and it will suffice to say that the author takes in his stride such business as excellent little character sketches of the young Mussolini, the young Bernard Shaw and his Fabians, the young Arthur Balfour; that he can initiate you into parties where the conversation reeks of the most entrancing court gossip, the most scandalous dinner parties, and make you laugh afterwards when you think of such books as *Always a Grand Duke*. It has not a plot or any "living" characters, but it is fascinating reading, its implications are "important" and it would be a bad error to miss it.

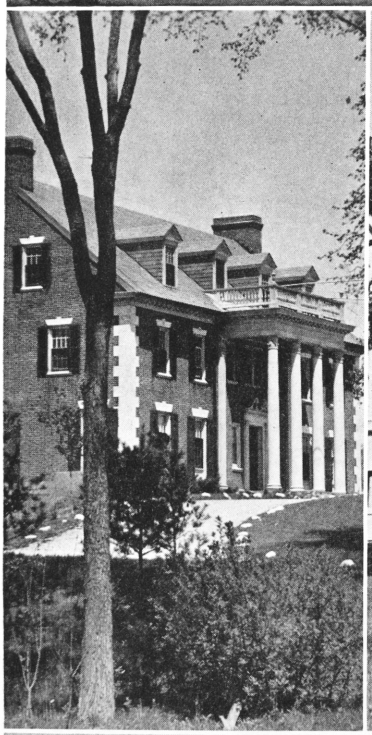
Europa, Robert Briffault, Scribner, $2.75.

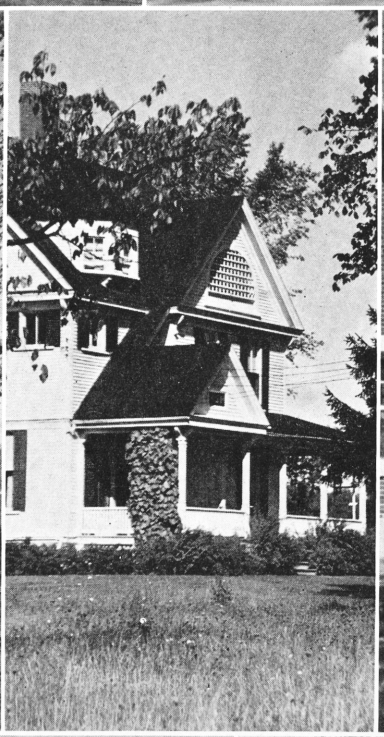
In spite of the fact that all my talk never got a soul to actually read *Night Over Fitch's Pond* and in spite of being accused of writing under the pen name of Cora Jarrett and plumping enthusiastically for my own work—(alas, if it were true!) I shall still recommend her last book, *The Gingko Tree*, to every admirer of adult fiction. While not as completely triumphant artistically as was her above mentioned book, being longer and more ambitious, still and all it is a lot better than what many more touted names are turning out and calling novels. It's one of the best this autumn for all its unlucky title.

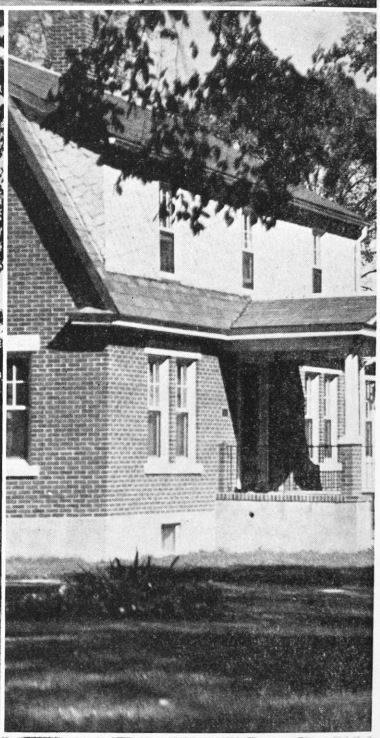
The Gingko Tree, Cora Jarrett, Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

Detective story addicts might do worse than investigate the cases of Nero Wolfe as told by Archie, his hard boiled Watson.

Fer de Lance and *The League of Frightened Men*, both by Rex Stout, Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.







The Houses

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1891

FREDERICK H. WALKER died on August 1 in Hoquiam, Wash.

1896

FRANK N. DAVIS, formerly of Downers Grove, Ill., died on September 8.

CHARLES A. MUNROE of Chicago and New York City sailed on the "Europa" for France on October 15. Mr. Munroe was accompanied by his two daughters.

1899

ADA C. CRAMPTON is with the department of Public Welfare and the Vermont Association for the Blind, as field director for the adult blind. Address: St. Albans, Vt.

1900

MRS. SAMUEL T. LEE (EMILY PARKER) has returned to her home in West Rutland, Vt., as her husband has been retired from the American Consular Service. Address: Box 268, West Rutland.

1902

DR. HERMAN E. HASSELTINE of Pasadena, Calif., has been in Vermont recuperating from an attack of parrot fever, which he contracted while doing research work in that disease. Dr. Hasseltine is a U. S. Public Health Surgeon. Address: U. S. Marine Hospital, Carville, La.

1904

HUGH G. LYNDE, who has been an engineer with the New York Telephone Company has retired and lives in Elizabeth, N. J. Address: 1116 Applegate Ave., % G. A. Merkel.

1907

EARL M. GOVE is principal of the High School in Newport Center, Vt.

1909

JOHN A. VIELE is Principal of the Juanita School, Kirtland, Wash.

EUGENE J. BERRY is with the Interior Department, U. S. Government, in Los Angeles, Calif. Home address: 202 No. La Peer Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

1911

MRS. ALLAN P. RICHARDS (RUTH BURNHAM) is teaching English at the American International College, Springfield, Mass. Address: 573 White Street.

MARGERY BURDITT has been elected president of the Connecticut Library Association. Miss Burditt is librarian of the West Hartford Public Library.

1912

MRS. LAURA N. MACLANE is teaching in Antrim, N. H.

1913

MRS. LEON ALLEN (EDITH DARROW). Address: 246 West End Ave., New York City.

1914

MRS. HAROLD L. STRATTON. Address: 20 Union Park, Boston, Mass.

ANNE PERKINS was married on June 19th to George E. Varney. Address: 37 Lincoln St., Somersworth, N. H.

1915

DOMINIC WEAFER died in September in Neponset, Mass.

1916

MERTICE JAMES is editor of the Book Review Digest, published by the Wilson Co., New York.

MRS. VERA ARNOLD DRURY. Address: Stow, Mass.

1917

KATHERINE BALL was married on September 7 to George Lester Everitt. Address: Winchester, N. H.

MRS. H. D. GODFREY (LOUESA BULLIS). Address: 124 Rossiter Road, Rochester, N. Y.

MARY N. BOWLES, assistant dietitian at the College, will be on leave of absence during the second semester of this year.

MRS. WILLIAM M. WELCH (MARGUERITE HEAPHY) is living at 377 Prospect Heights, Northampton, Mass. Her husband has been appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the State of Massachusetts.

1918

REV. LOUIS GREENE of Columbus, Ohio, was the guest speaker at an "Old Home Day" service in the Weybridge, Vt., Congregational Church on September 22. Mr. Greene brought his son, George, to enter Middlebury this fall.

1919

ROLAND C. HOLBROOK has been appointed General Manager of the Liquid Carbonic Canadian Corporation, Ltd., in Montreal, Quebec. Address: 4993 Grosvenor Avenue.

MRS. HOWARD V. KING (ELEANOR M. ROBERTS). Address: 103 Albert Ave., Edgewood, R. I.

ALICE WILSON is teaching in the Lyndon Normal School, Lyndon Center, Vt.

MILDRED E. GONYEAU is studying at Teacher's College, Columbia University and is Health Adviser to the Child Education Foundation, 535 E. 84th St., New York City.

1920

RITA L. BOLE is taking a year's leave of absence and studying at the Teachers' College at Columbia University. For several years Miss Bole has been principal of the Lyndon Normal School, Lyndon Center, Vt. Address: 1230 Amsterdam Ave., New York City.

D. PHILIP LOCKLIN has returned to the University of Illinois, where he is associate professor of Economics, after a year's leave of absence. Address: 1106 So. Garfield St., Urbana, Ill.

RALPH E. SINCERBOX has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer and Director of the Rex Cole Company—exclusive distributor of General Electric appliances in Metropolitan New York and surrounding territory. Address: Rex Cole, Inc., 25-11 Hunters Point Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

1921

ROBERT B. SHEPARDSON is a physician at 12 Pratt St., Reading, Mass.

1922

On September 1, LEIGHTON T. WADE was admitted to partnership in the firm of Hastings, Hornburg & Andrews, Olean, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. KARL BRAUTIGAM have another son, John Kernan, born October 10.

MRS. EDWARD P. LOVE (RUTH MOULTON). Address: 83 Burchard Ave., East Orange, N. J.

ARNOLD B. SWIFT was manager of the Pine Grove Inn, Canaan, Conn., during the summer.

1923

MR. AND MRS. DONALD A. EISENHART (DOROTHY NEWTON) are the parents of a son, Jay Newton, born in October. Address: 169 Brace Road, West Hartford, Conn.

HARRY GODDARD OWEN is having a leave of absence during the first semester and is travelling in Europe, having spent a month in Spain and some time in Turkey and expects to visit Italy.

MRS. WARREN BUFFUM (HELEN ABEL) has returned to Russell Sage College, where she is librarian.

MRS. PAYSON R. WEBBER (MARY WILLIAMS) of Rutland, Vt., is teaching at the Lenox School for Girls in New York City.

MR. AND MRS. GUILFORD M. AUSTIN are the parents of a son, Guilford Marks, Jr., born October 27. Address: Arcadia, Fla.

1924

HARVEY W. COATES is District Manager of the General Electric Contracts Corporation in New York City. Address: 41 Parrot Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

MRS. GEORGE S. EDLER (HELEN CLEVELAND). Address: 83-84 116th St., Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.

MARGARET HARRIMAN is the College nurse this year. Address: Battell Cottage.

MRS. GEORGE F. COOK (EMILY SISSON). Address: 4303 157th St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

RUTH C. COWLES is Director of Home Economics in Cranston, R. I. Address: 266 Adelaide Ave., Providence, R. I.

RUTH E. QUIGLEY is doing club work in New York City. Address: 223 East 58th Street.

1925

A daughter, Katherine Louise, was born September 15 to MR. AND MRS. DAVID MACALEESE (LOUISE ELMER) at Cranberry Lake, N. Y.

KATHERINE MIX. Address: 1 Kensington Heights, Worcester, Mass.

DR. AND MRS. DONALD S. CANN are living at Daytona Beach, Florida, where Dr. Cann has opened an office as an osteopathic physician and surgeon. Address: 213 Magnolia Avenue.

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK E. EHLERT (HELEN NEWTON). Address: 24 Fairwood Blvd., Pleasant Ridge, Mich.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

MR. AND MRS. DONALD D. FREDRICKSON (DOROTHY JOHNSON). Address: 7 Rosedale Ave., Madison, N. J.

MRS. J. E. HOFFMEISTER (RUTH TUTHILL). Address: 225 Summit Drive, Rochester, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE B. CLARK (EVELYN QUICK '28). Address: 66 Weston Ave., Chatham, N. J.

CLYDE G. FUSSELL is teaching in the Nantucket, Mass., High School.

1926

MR. AND MRS. DANA S. HAWTHORNE announce the birth of a son, Allen Dana, on July 1. Address: 108 Knapp St., Springdale, Stamford, Conn.

MRS. GEORGE B. GORDON (ELIZABETH HOWARD). Address: 24 Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass.

DR. GEORGE A. THOMSON, in cooperation with Mrs. E. Thomson Traylor, has opened the Thomson-Traylor Rest Home at 3121 Thorn St., San Diego, Calif.

CARLYLE G. HOYT is teaching in the Middletown, Conn., High School. Home address: 216 Main St., Cromwell, Conn.

MRS. A. JEROME GOODWIN (DORIS E. HOWARD). Address: Arlington, Vt.

MRS. DONALD RAMSDELL (FRANCES HARDER) is teaching in the Concord, Mass., Academy.

MAURICE E. ACH has changed his name to ASH. Address: 55 Randolph Place, South Orange, N. J.

1927

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM E. HERRLICH (MARION MORGAN) are the parents of a daughter, Elisabeth, born September 25. Address: 445 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

MRS. RAYMOND T. SLATTERY (ELINOR SMITH). Address: 11 Kenilworth Road, Shrewsbury, Mass.

DR. HAROLD M. FISHER. Address: 1 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

1928

FLORENCE LOCKERBY received a masters degree at Albany State College this summer.

PHILIP E. DEMPSEY is teaching in the Marblehead, Mass., High School. Address: 11 Smith Street.

MR. AND MRS. MARK J. CREHAN (GERTRUDE PARSONS) are the parents of a daughter, Kathryn Jane, born September 18. Address: 318 Silas Deane Highway, Wethersfield, Conn.

MRS. JASPER A. SMITH (EMILY LOBDELL). Address: 148 Fairview Ave., Naugatuck, Conn.

ARTHUR S. YEAW is teaching English and Music in the Williamson School, Delaware County, Penn.

MRS. JAMES A. DALEY (ANNA BELISLE). Address: 29 Myrtle Ave., Greenwood, Mass.

1929

MR. AND MRS. EMORY BURGESS (RUTH E. SPAULDING) are the parents of a son, born September 5. Address: 410 So. Washington Ave., Moorestown, N. J.

MR. AND MRS. MELVIN B. HALLETT (ESTHER RUSHLOW) are the parents of a daughter, Sara Katherine, born June 2. Address: Shelburne Harbor, Shelburne, Vt.

J. MALCOLM WILLIAMS of Fair Haven, Vt., was officially admitted to the practice of law in the state of Vermont last October.

DONALD O. HAYS is teaching English and Science in the La Junta, Colorado, High School. Address: 801 Belleview, La Junta.

L. SHIRLEY QUICK. Address: 605 West 112th St., New York, N. Y.

RAYMOND F. BOSWORTH is an instructor in English at Simmons College in Boston. Residence: 141 Englewood Ave., Brookline, Mass.

MRS. JOHN H. KINGHORN (MARY E. CRANE). Address: Box 485, Denville, N. J.

NELSON SANBORN is assistant principal and teacher in the Chelsea, Vt., High School.

FRANCIS L. G. AGNE is branch office Manager for Beech-Nut Packing Co., in Jacksonville, Florida. Address: 412-2nd St., Jacksonville Beach.

MR. AND MRS. WARREN N. DOUBLEDAY (SIGRID MANTY) are the parents of a daughter, Lois Adele, born October 2.

PAUL C. REED, supervising teacher of the Rochester, N. Y., public schools, in cooperation with other Rochester teachers, is presenting radio lessons in current events, science, civics, art appreciation and other subjects through the "Rochester School of the Air." These broadcasts are transmitted to class rooms in Rochester and other communities over stations WHAM and WHEC.

DR. EMELINE FREEBORN is a research assistant in Pathology at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, Michigan. Address: 7470 Byron Ave., Detroit.

FRANCES SPEAR. Address: % Difeo Laboratories, 920 Henry St., Detroit, Mich.

MR. AND MRS. CHAUNCEY A. NILES are the parents of a son, George Albert, born February 28. Home address: 1655 Bennett St., Utica, N. Y.

PIERCE B. SMITH was married on October 5 to Hilda Scheck of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Smith is a ceramic engineer with the Porcelain Enamel and Mfg. Co. of Baltimore. Address: 3508 Clifton Avenue, Apt. C1.

MR. AND MRS. NAPOLEON BLANCHETTE are the parents of a daughter, Renee Jeanne, born October 28.

LARA T. WHEATON was married July 12 to J. Palmer Prescott in Peterboro, N. H. Address: 340 School St., Webster, Mass.

CLAUDE L. SCRIBNER was married on September 27 to Frances H. Ulseth in Detroit, Mich.

EDWIN A. BEDELL is a Lieutenant in the C.C.C. Co. No. 2207-V., Camp S-102, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

HENRY M. WESTON was married to Clarice Leonard of Lake Dunmore on September 7. Mr. Weston is employed with the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. Address: 166 Sigourney St., Hartford, Conn.

1930

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD A. FENDERSON are the parents of a son, Richard, Jr., born June 8. Mr. Fenderson is a clerk in the Credit Department of the Federal Reserve Bank. Address: 359 Fort Washington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of ESTHER M. BENEDICT to F. Harold Booth of Southold, L. I. Miss Benedict is teaching Latin in the Southold High School.

FORREST J. SPOONER is teaching at the Vermont Industrial School in Vergennes.

BEATRICE SELLECK is teaching in Willsboro, N. Y.

DR. GEORGE W. DAVIS is an interne in the Charles V. Chapin Hospital, Providence, R. I.

DOROTHEA E. HIGGINS is a member of the research staff of the New York State Commission on State Aid to Municipal Subdivisions. Address: 21 High St., Glen Ridge, N. J.

DR. ARTHUR J. HOFFMAN has opened an office for the practice of dentistry and oral surgery at 195-17 Hollis Avenue, Hollis, L. I. N. Y.

HARRY E. TOMLINSON is associated with the law firm of Gifford, Woody, Carter and Hays. Address: 241 West 108 St., New York, N. Y.

DAVID C. DALAND is employed in the Accident and Liability department of the Aetna Life Insurance Co., in New York City. Address: 28 N. Hillside Ave., Chatham, N. J.

ORPHA L. BROWN is teaching in a high school in Cleveland, Ohio, this year. Address: 1588 E. 117th St., Cleveland.

ARTHUR E. NEWCOMB, JR., is doing graduate work in the School of Education, Boston University. Address: 29 Exeter St., Boston.

CARL D. HOWARD is a teacher of Latin in the Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H. Residence: 188 Broad Street.

ELBERT H. HENRY has a position as history teacher in Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt.

DR. ARTHUR R. KOEPKE has opened an office for the practice of dentistry at 715 Lexington Ave., New York City.

1931

RALPH M. LOCKE was married on October 5 to Alice M. Read of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Locke is employed in the electrical energy division of the State tax department in Montpelier, Vt. Residence: 23 Ridge Street.

N. WENDELL WEEKS is teaching English in Bartlett High School, Webster, Mass. Address: 5 Crown Street.

WILLIAM K. COX is teaching in Morrisville, N. Y.

BARBARA JOY is assistant librarian at State Teachers' College, Plymouth, N. H., and is in charge of the state rural school circulating library which is deposited at Plymouth.

IRENE E. TARBELL is teaching in Cherry Valley, N. Y.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

GEORGE E. FOOTE was married September 8 to A. Estelle Brusseau of Brockton, Mass. Address: Dana St., Cambridge, Mass.

RUSSELL I. RAYNER is teaching and coaching Junior sports at Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Me.

M. ELIZABETH OETJEN is an assistant in the English department at the College this year. Address: Robinson House, Middlebury.

MRS. ALLAN PARKER (ALICE HEYWOOD). Address: 540 W. 123rd St., New York City.

JOSEPH M. KEENAN was married October 16 to Mandana Disotell of Westport, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD S. KING. Address: 135 Orient Way, Rutherford, N. J.

MRS. C. R. WYLIE, JR. (SIKRI M. AHO). Address: 1274 Indianola Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

MARY A. NIMS was married to Dr. John W. Mason on June 27. Address: South Ashburnham, Mass.

J. CALVIN AFFLECK is associated with the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York City as an assistant manager of a branch office. Address: 37-41 85 Street, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

ALDEN C. UTTON is principal of Canaan High School. Address: Box 29, Canaan, Vt.

MR. AND MRS. CLIFFORD SMULLEN (VIRGINIA BLAND) are the parents of a daughter, Joan Winifred, born July 26. Address: 93 Mountain Way, Rutherford, N. J.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of CHARLOTTE ELTON to Roderic M. Cross of New York.

DOROTHY M. PEARSON is secretary-stenographer at State Normal School, Keene, N. H. Address: 200 Roxbury St., Keene.

RICHARD A. PAUL is assistant superintendent at the State Industrial School in Vergennes, Vt.

FREDERICK C. DIRKS was married June 29 to Doris A. Chase. Mr. Dirks is a George W. Ellis Fellow in Economics at Columbia University. Address: 530 West 114th St., New York City.

1932

CLEONE FORD was married in June to Stewart Smith. Address: 14 Larch St., Worcester, Mass.

JEANETTE F. BURGESS gave an organ recital in September at Christ Church in Montpelier, Vt.

WILLIAM E. DORN is principal of the high school in Groton, Vt.

ELEANOR M. BENJAMIN was married on September 2 to CHESTER H. CLEMENS, '33. Mr. Clemens is associated with Mackubin, Legg & Co., of Baltimore, Md., as an assistant railroad specialist, in the investment management department. Residence: 6114 Smith Ave., Mt. Washington, Baltimore, Md.

ELSA M. SMITH was married to Rev. Whitmore E. Beardsley on September 15 in Windsor, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley are spending this year in England studying at Westminster College, Cambridge. Address: 30 Harvey-Goodwin Ave., Cambridge, England.

ROBERT N. PERRY is teaching at Lexington, Mass., Junior High School. Address: 6 Sherman Street.

HELEN FROST was married October 20 to William Reynolds of Rutland, Vt. Address: 112 Crescent St., Rutland.

MRS. R. S. HOSFORD (RUTH F. HATCH). Address: 513 Lindsay Ave., Scotia, N. Y.

GEORGE BELFANTI is teaching in the Beacon, N. Y., High School. Address: 16 South Liberty Street.

JOSEPHINE WALKER is a private secretary to an electrical engineer in Boston. Address: 117 Avon Hill St., Cambridge, Mass.

NANCY W. MOORES spent about a month travelling in Alaska this Summer. Miss Moores is teaching English in Bardick Junior High School, Stamford, Conn. Address: 39 Penzance Road, Stamford.

APPLETON C. WOODWARD. Address: Tufts College Medical School, 416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

MR. AND MRS. REAMER KLINE (LOUISE BRAYTON) are living at 40 Linnaean St. Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Kline is a student at Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge and assists at St. Andrew's Church, Orient Heights. Mrs. Kline is employed at Jay's, Inc., Boston.

RAYMOND ASHDOWN was married October 5 to Mary L. Schauber of Ballston Lake, N. Y. Mr. Ashdown is employed in the Albany office of the Texas Oil Co. Address: Ballston Lake, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD L. POTTER (RAE FARRAR). Address: 723 3rd St., Apt. 6, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

JOSEPHINE SAUNDERS. Address: 7470 Byron Ave., Detroit, Mich.

JAMES L. OLSON was married to Evelyn M. Folker on May 29 in Bristol, Penn. Address: Woodbury Court Apartments, Woodbury, N. J.

EVELYN BENJAMIN AND NORMAN F. MEGATHLIN, '34 were married September 14 in Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Megathlin is with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., in New York City. Address: 7110 Hayes Ave., Suite 3-A, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

HOWARD J. SMITH is a chemist with the Chase Metal Works in Waterbury, Conn. Address: 354 W. Main St., Waterbury.

WARREN E. CHASE was married to Catherine E. Fairbanks of Springfield, Vt., on June 29, in Fort Ann, N. Y.

HAROLD MONROE is a chemist with the Chase Metal Works in Waterbury, Conn. Address: 138 Edson Ave., Waterbury.

MARION SINGISER is teaching in Brandon, Vt., High School.

1933

PROCTOR M. LOVELL is with the Jones and Lamson Machine Tool Co., in Springfield, Vt. Address: 9½ Main Street.

FLORENCE MARTIN is doing secretarial work in one of the churches in Worcester, Mass. Address: 58 Charlotte Street.

ALICE R. COLLINS is teaching in the Ebenezer Mitchell Junior College, in Misenheimer, N. C.

ARNOLD T. MELBYE is assistant headmaster in the new private school opened by The Keewaydin Camps in Florida. During the summer Mr. Melbye is director of the senior section of the Lake Dunmore Division in Vermont. Address: Keewaydin in Florida, Naples, Fla.

HARRIET B. DOUGLAS. Address: Merion and Yarrow Ave., Bryn Mawr, Penn.

JAMES MCWHIRTER has a two-year graduate fellowship in chemistry at New York University where he is working for his Doctor's degree. Address: 2255 Loring Place, University Heights, New York City.

MRS. JOHN M. LANE (ELIZABETH SPENCER). Address: 58 Boylston St., Cambridge, Mass.

RALPH C. WHITNEY is teaching and coaching in the North Bennington, Vt., High School.

PHILIP L. CARPENTER is a Fellow in Agricultural Bacteriology at the University of Wisconsin. Address: 1108 West Johnson St., Madison, Wis.

DORIS R. BARNARD is working in a life insurance office in Albany, N. Y. Address: 71 Chestnut Street.

ANTHONY BRACKETT is teaching at Bordentown Military Institute, Bordentown, N. J.

MARY E. DURYEE is employed as a laboratory technician by a doctor of medicine in Highland Park, Ill. Address: 1304 Birchwood Ave., Chicago.

MRS. WILLIAM L. WALLING (JANETTE B. PHELPS) is a promotion department correspondent with Scott Foresman and Company in New York City. Address: 99 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELAINE UPDYKE. Address: 7470 Byron Ave., Detroit, Mich.

HARRY E. WELLS, JR., was married in October to Florence E. Pierce of New York City.

ROLLIN T. CAMPBELL is studying for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Address: Broadway and 120th Street.

ELOISE C. BARNARD is teaching in Cummington, Mass.

CHARLES LEIGH INGERSOLL is doing graduate work in chemistry at the University of Vermont. Address: 22 Wilson St., Burlington, Vermont.

MRS. LOTHROP M. WILLIS (CAROL MCNEELY) is a feature writer for the Buffalo Courier-Express. Address: 372 Maryland St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ROLLIN E. PRATT is a claim adjuster for Employers' Liability Assurance Company, Ltd. Address: 485 So. Logan St., Denver, Colorado.

RUTH L. BERRY AND EMIL G. RAEDER, JR., Ex-'32 were married no June 8. Address: 413 Grove St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARGARET M. SCOTT is a social worker in Kingston, Penn. Address: 107 Second Ave., Kingston, Penn.

MRS. F. R. NOYES (BARBARA BUTTERFIELD). Address: 18 Deer St., Rutland, Vt.

HORACE LOOMIS is an audit clerk with the Prudential Ins. Co., Newark, N. J. Residence address: 44 Walnut Street, Newark.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

MARJORIE HAYNES is employed at the Vicks Chemical Corporation, having completed a course in French stenography at the Interboro Institute, New York City.

1934

DOROTHY WUNNER is doing graduate work in American Literature at Middlebury and is an assistant in the Dramatics Department. Address: 3½ Franklin Street.

CURTISS B. HICKCOX AND FREDERICK F. DEBOLD. Address: 16 Queensberry St., Apt. 9, Boston, Mass.

RUTH SELLECK is teaching in Waitsfield, Vt.

MATILDA ROMEO. Address: % A. Hernandez, Calle Ribot 33, Santurce, P. R.

THELMA CROFT has a position as director of a school Cafeteria in Public School No. 164, Manhattan. During the summer Miss Croft was dietitian at the Pine Grove Inn, Canaan, Conn. Residence: Apt. 10A, Bonavista, 362 Riverside Drive, New York City.

MR. AND MRS. EMORY C. HOWES (MARY PRISCILLA HALL) are the parents of a son, Frederick Allison, born August 25

HAROLD D. WATSON is a graduate student at New York State Teachers College in Albany, N. Y. Address: 14 Magnolia Terrace.

MR. AND MRS. J. WILBERT HUTTON (RUTH HANCHETT). Address: 37 Elliott St., So. Natick, Mass.

CHARLES A. HICKCOX. Address: 722 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla.

NORMAN L. MELBYE. Address: B-14 McCulloch, Harvard Business School, Soldier's Field, Boston, Mass.

LEON SEARS is in the State Tax Commissioner's office, Montpelier.

1935

HARRY T. EMMONS has a position as Traveling Secretary of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity.

LOUISE FULTON is employed in the Marine Office of America in New York City. Address: 6 Park Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

MIRIAM SMITH is employed in R. H. Stearns Co., in Boston. Address: 28 Marshall St., Watertown, Mass.

JOSEPH ZAWISTOSKI is assistant instructor in Mathematics in the West Rutland, Vt., High School.

FRANCES LAMSON is attending the Chandler Secretarial School in Boston, Mass.

HELEN F. PARSONS is employed at B. Altman & Co., New York City.

MARGARET T. WHITTIER is taking a course in nursing at Yale Medical School. Address: 62 Park St., New Haven, Conn.

KENNETH W. RUDD is employed in the Mechanical and Electrical department of The Connecticut Company, located at 270 Orange St., New Haven, Conn.

JESSIE M. GIBSON is teaching at Green Mountain Junior College. Address: Poultney, Vt.

JOSEPHINE KNOX has completed her course at Collegiate Secretarial School and is employed in New York City.

NATALIE H. DUNSMOOR is a nursery governess in Bala-Cynwyd, Penn. Address: P. O. Box 126.

DOROTHY M. CROWE was married on September 23 to EDMUND D. STEELE, ex-'32. Mr. Steele is with the Comptroller's department of the National City Bank of New York. Address: 415 East 16th St., Apt. E5, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DALE B. PRITCHARD is attending Albany Medical College. Address: 469 Myrtle Ave., Albany, N. Y.

GERTRUDE KNIGHT is attending Library School at the University of Michigan. Address: 1337 No. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

RICHARD B. SWEET is teaching and coaching in the Middlebury High School.

GRACE BATES AND WILLIAM YASINSKI are teaching in the Wallingford, Vt., High School.

AVIS E. FISCHER sailed on September 4 for France where she is teaching English at the Lycee de Jeunes Filles, Longchamp, Marseilles.

W. WYMAN SMITH, JR. is doing graduate work in Political Science at the University of Minnesota. Address: Sigma Phi Epsilon House, 1617 University Ave., S. E., Minneapolis.

ELIZABETH BRYAN is attending Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

DOROTHY GRAY, who started the year as an assistant in the physical education department of the Women's College, has left to take a position at Norwich Free Academy to finish out the year for MARY TUDHOPE, '29, who has been called home. Address: 170 Broadway, Norwich, Conn.

ELIZABETH HALPIN is attending Packard Secretarial School in New York.

FRANK LOMBARDY is teaching at Leland and Gray Seminary Townshend, Vt.

MARGERY HANCHETT is teaching in Havana, Cuba. Address: Colegio Sanchez y Taint, Malecon 75, Havana.

PATRICIA LITTLEFIELD is teaching at the Misses Sculley School in Concord, N. H. Address: 86½ Pleasant Street.

FREDERICK E. WOODBURY is studying for the Episcopal ministry at the General Theological Seminary at New York City. Address: 175 Ninth Ave., New York City.

ESTHER JOHNSON is doing research work and assisting in the Chemistry department at Oberlin College. Address: 58 East College Street.

FRANCIS CADY is a graduate student in geology at Middlebury this year. Address: Daniel Chipman Park, % Prof. Bruno Schmidt.

MARY ELIZABETH HINCKS has entered the Albany Medical College. Address: 75 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

LOTHROP M. WILLIS is a senior law student at the University of Buffalo and is also a law clerk. Address: 372 Maryland St., Buffalo.

MRS. EDWARD SCHNELL (RUTH WELLS). Address: R. F. D., Conway, Mass.

JOHN ISRAEL SMITH is assisting this year at the Community House in Middlebury and doing some writing.

ESTHER L. WRIGHT is at Baldwin Wallace College in Berea, Ohio, this year and will spend part of the winter in Arizona as a governess. Residence: 329 Beech St., Berea.

FAITH ARNOLD. Address: 32 Tavistock Square, London W.C. I, England.

Middlebury alumni and alumnae of the Albany district held a dinner October 19 at the Wellington Hotel in Albany. Dr. Elbert C. Cole, '15 of Williams College was toastmaster and Dr. Raymond L. Barney of the Biology department at Middlebury spoke on the topic: "Modern Trends at Middlebury." Judge Thomas H. Noonan, '91, president of the Buffalo district of the Associated Alumni, who was holding court in Troy at the time, attended the dinner and was called on for a speech. The Club elected Philip E. Brewer, '31, president; Alice Kirkpatrick, '22, vice-president; and John Morris, '26, secretary and treasurer. Arrangements were in charge of Dr. Cole, Edith Tallmadge,'21, and Mr. Brewer.

MIDDLEBURY NIGHTS

At the Alumni Council's Home Coming meeting, much of the time was devoted to the discussion of better organization of Middlebury alumni to meet the intense competition among the alumni of the men's colleges for the better type of prospective student. It was stated that the highly developed methods of other alumni groups were drawing away to other institutions some of the sons of alumni, and other boys who were naturally headed toward Middlebury. It was felt that this was not the result of unfavorable comparison between institutions but because Middlebury lacked the organization to comparably present the advantages of the College to prospective students.

Mr. Edwin S. S. Sunderland, '11, president of the Associated Alumni, is at work on plans for perfecting the set-up required for better organized activity in various localities and the trustees of the College have approved the secretary's recommendation for the purchase of sound movie equipment which will aid members of the faculty in presenting Middlebury attractively to groups of prospective students where alumni foster such gatherings.

The first step suggested for every interested graduate and former student is to look up the most likely prospects within his sphere of influence and send their names to the Director of Admissions, on the card enclosed with the News Letter. A catalogue and attractive illustrated material will then be sent to the student and can be followed up by personal contacts.